

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 20, 1961 25 CENTS



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Johnny Mantz

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Today, behind each of the 8½ million shares of Union Oil stock, there are more than 60 barrels of liquid petroleum reserves...more than 100,000 cubic feet of natural gas reserves...large investments in refinery, transportation and market facilities...large investments, too, in research laboratories and petrochemical plants.

With such diversification, we feel more than equal to the challenge of the future.

from comments received, Wyle, Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 19, California.

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

76

THE WEST'S MOST EXPERIENCED GASOLINE REFINER

Contents

MARCH 28, 1961 Volume 11, Number 10

Cover photograph by Lewis B. Sussman

16 The Big Fight

The third Patterson-Johannsen fight, by Gilbert Rapp—with exclusive pictures

22 Czech Giant Killer

A firsthand report from Switzerland on the near upset in the world hockey championships

27 Schoolboys on Horseback

Five youngsters play polo, as the odds at Valley Forge have to take on greenhorns

30 Pot Shots and Mayhem

Baseball, European style, is a wild indoor game of spectacular plays and bone-breaking injuries

32 The Fan Cries Havoc

A desperate loser of the game goes next to rage as baseball's crowded season waxes

40 Fast Pass at 5,000 Feet

Falling through the air at 120 mph, a shy diver meets his old friends and takes their picture

49 Jones & Jones at Court

Sam and K.C. Jones are pro basketball's newest stars through still Boston subsidiaries

70 The Pool Hustlers

Jack Olsen explores the world of the great cue artists who choose to live in shadow

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 9 Scorecard | 46 Skiing |
| 14 Coming Events | 56 For the Record |
| 55 Days | 85 Basketball's Week |
| 58 Horse Racing | 84 19th Hole |
| 62 Fitness | 88 Put on the Back |
| 65 Charles Gorea | |



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Advertisements on page 87

Next week

Nora Johnson tells the warm and funny and very human story of her struggle to find peace and gentleness in the game of tennis, and how she finally won a victory in her personal quest—and her man.

Ray Carr combines an analysis of the early battles in college basketball's national championship with scathing reports of the surviving four teams that will meet in Kansas City in the last rounds.



SCORECARD

SHADOW-BOXING

Three Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson fights are enough, a feeling apparently shared by both boxers when they agreed to "no-return guarantees" for their fight this week. There is now a logical contender to take on the heavyweight champion, a contender named Sonny Liston, who last week knocked out Howard King in Miami Beach, winning his 25th consecutive bout. But behind Liston is the shadow of "the mob" (SI, Aug. 19).

This week Senator Estes Kefauver will probably introduce a bill into the U.S. Senate calling for a "cear" to supervise boxing and keep it clean. We hope the car's first order of business will be to eliminate that shadow—or else establish that it no longer has substance. Then the car should make it clear to everyone that Liston must be the first to get a crack at the heavyweight championship.

POSITIVE NEUTRALISM

The Northeast Regionals of the NCAA College Division basketball tournament began last weekend in Springfield, Mass. Williams, Bates, Springfield and Rochester were there—but Buffalo wasn't. If you happen to be in Buffalo this week, ask anyone in town why Buffalo wasn't in the tournament, and you'll get a rather strong opinion.

Nearly everyone in Buffalo had assumed, and reasonably so, that Buffalo would be invited to the tournament if it beat Rochester in the next-to-last game of the regular season, played in Buffalo. Coming up to that game, Buffalo had beaten some of the nation's major-college teams, and its season's record was better than Rochester's. The meeting apparently proved Buffalo's superiority. With six minutes to go, Buffalo led by 19 points. Then, playing with substitutes, Buffalo won 76-69. But Rochester got the invitation to the tournament.

J. Shober Barr, chairman of the

selection committee, then explained, "The committee felt that if the Buffalo-Rochester game had been played on a neutral court that Rochester would have won." Not one member of the committee had seen the game. Of the committee's six members, one is from Bates, one is from Springfield, one is from Rochester—and none is from Buffalo.

BEERLESS IN BEEHIVE

Milwaukee is, of course, a city which likes to believe it made beer famous. On April 11, however, when Milwaukee fans file into County Stadium to see their Braves play the Cardinals in the opening game of the National League season, they will be unable to tote their "handy six-packs" through the turnstiles.

Last week the Milwaukee County Board of Supervisors voted that Milwaukeeans would have to buy their beer inside the park. Beer prices for the carry-in trade ranged from 12¢ to 18¢ a can; a beer inside the park costs 90¢. The reasoning of the Supervisors seems to be that the higher the cost the less chance of thrown cans or excessive to-and-fro movement in the stands.

Oh, yes, we almost forgot: the Braves themselves own the beer concession in County Stadium.

NO. 5 IN NO. 1

Joe DiMaggio arrived at Miller Huggins Field in St. Petersburg last week and quickly wiggled into a Yankee uniform with his famous No. 5 on the back. As a special, unpaid spring training coach for two weeks, Joe hoped to get some publicity for the company that now employs him (the V. H. Monette food distributing company). For their part, the Yankees realized that DiMaggio would bring a few more people to their Stengel-less workouts.

DiMaggio patiently answered questions of newsmen and television men, posed for hundreds of pictures before sitting down in the dugout. After a

hit a television man climbed up to DiMaggio, and the Clipper actually seemed glad to see him. "Look," said Joe, "do me a favor, will you? Walk back to the clubhouse with me so it looks like we have business. I don't want to have to sign a lot of autographs and things."

The two rose and started along the wire fence to the clubhouse, and people began pressing close to the fence, begging for autographs. DiMaggio stopped, looked at the crowd briefly, then walked over to the railing. As he began signing everything that was



DiMAGGIO DOUBLED PRICE OF BASEBALLS

given to him, more people gathered. "Joe," an old man said, "remember Washington when you hit three home runs? They said you were washed up."

"Yeah," said Joe, "that stopped 'em."

"I saw you hit one off Feller," another said.

"Didn't hit many," answered Joe. A Negro boy handed Joe three baseballs. "Where'd you get all these?" he asked. "Foul balls," the boy said. "What do you do with them?" DiMaggio asked. "He'll sell them," said a man nearby. "You just doubled the price!" The crowd laughed, and so did DiMaggio. He looked up and saw that although he had been there 10 minutes, the crowd had not lessened. No. 5 hesitated a moment, then went on signing. The television man shrugged and left, but Joe did not notice. He was back in baseball again.

continued

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Kaufmann's, Lansing
McKibben's, Tuscaloosa
Adams, Nashville & Anderson, Buffalo
Frankenberger's, Charleston



THE H. A. SEINSHMEIER COMPANY, CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

SCORECARD continued

THE GOLD CUP

Next week the Stanley Cup playoffs begin among the top four finishers in the National Hockey League. The participants are now known. Last week the Detroit Red Wings mathematically clinched fourth place, behind Chicago, Toronto and Montreal. For citizens of these four cities, the glory is the thing; for the players, the Stanley Cup runneth over—with cash.

The finances of the NHL are often bewildering to track down, but they go like this: each player on the team that finishes first during the regular season gets \$1,000, the second-place team members get \$800, third-place finishers are given \$350, and fourth \$150 each.

Then the first-place team plays the third, the second-place team plays the fourth in the semifinals of the Cup. Before starting play for the finals, the two teams that have been victorious in the semis are rewarded \$1,250 per player, and the eliminated losers get \$750 each. The eventual winners of the Stanley Cup get another \$1,750 apiece while the losing finalists draw \$750.

Thus, if a team is able to win the league championship and skate on to victory in the Stanley Cup, each player will have earned himself a tidy \$4,000 above his regular salary.

TERMS ABROAD

The thunder of bowling balls can be heard far beyond even the New Frontiers of this country. In Paris, American-style bowling is the rage. Geneva and Monte Carlo, Biarritz and Antwerp, Stockholm and Rome, are also having a bowling boom. The Swedes have an installation inside the Arctic Circle, and Germany's Bayreuth opens this week.

The American Machine & Foundry Company has been installing its alley equipment all over Europe and packing 'em in. At the International Trade Fair in Vienna last fall, AMF set up two lanes for exhibition purposes, allowed each visitor to throw two balls on each lane and drew 500,000 people. The Russians in the neighboring pavilion cried foul—no body seemed interested in their tractors. (They have not yet claimed to have invented the bowling ball.)

Europeans are bowling extremely

continues

FACES IN THE CROWD



JIMMY RIDDLE JR., 11, of Jacksonville, Ark., 125-pound out-of-control who has been battling two years, pulled the third-highest score ever turned in by a hunter bowler—a 284—in competition at Jacksonville, Ark. (see a 15-pound ball, bowler right March 4).



JANET TIGHE, 20, of Boston, Mass., spent about 100 yards three-quarter mile and state events for 15-point total in Eastern indoor meet at Lake Placid, N.Y., took the women's title by seven-point margin over Debbie Lechman of Kentucky. Later, N.Y.



GREGORIETON, 20, of Idaho (Vt.) College sophomore from Littleton, N.H., was the all-around, 11-point overall in 115.5 in NCAA all-around championship at Madison, Wis., beat Colorado University's Buddy Winger by six tenths of a second.



ART CHISHOLM, 17, of Newington, Mass., hockey center at Northeastern U. in Boston, pulled his 10th victory goal in 5-4 victory over Vermont's Norwich U. beat Middlebury College's Phil LaRocca to only arrive victory player to score 100 or more goals.



HELEN SHIPLEY, 17, of Newton, Mass., running fast two in competition, stayed in front all the way in second run at 3.47 women's indoor meet in Columbus, Ohio, set 3.51 women's record in 201.4 3.3 seconds better than best previous American time.



STEVE BLISS of Fort Washington, Pa., a senior and captain of swim team at The Hill School in Pottersville, Pa., anchored team that set national open school swim records in the 200- and 400-yard freestyle relays with times of 1:00.7 and 2:06.1 respectively.

Mark Twain's favorite- Bourbon or Scotch?



Perhaps at one time or another, you've seen Mark Twain featured in our Old Crow advertising. The reason is that Mark Twain's favorite bourbon was Old Crow. He was known to have been so pleased with it that he made a trip to Kentucky to visit James Crow's distillery. There he ordered 25 barrels of Old Crow for his favorite tavern in Elmira, New York.

But recently we were challenged. An executive from a competitive whiskey company wrote us saying he had incontrovertible evidence proving Mark Twain to be a Scotch drinker! We checked immediately and found that yes, it was true, the great American author *had* once been a Scotch drinker during his early years! But further digging revealed that subsequently he changed to bourbon!



Now, many folks are going through the same taste change that Mark Twain experienced. They've tasted them all and are now savoring the simple goodness of fine Kentucky bourbon. Have you tried the time-honored flavor of light, mild Old Crow 86 proof Kentucky bourbon? It is America's favorite. Try it and you'll see why Mark Twain became a bourbonite in his time—and an Old Crow fan.



Light-Mild 86 Proof
OLD CROW
Kentucky Bourbon



THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY, 40 PROOF

The Spirit of Adventure



Myers' Planter's Punch: 1 tsp. sugar, juice 1/2 lemon, 2 ozs. MYERS' RUM, dash Angostura, dash grenadine. Shake with ice, add soda to taste.

MYERS' JAMAICA RUM

Some call it enchanting. Some call it robust, others vivacious. Whatever your word, you'll agree the flavor of Myers Rum is distinctive, delicious. Its rich, spicy flavor is essential for the very best rum drinks. But then, a dash of Myers can make any cocktail memorable. If you have a taste for adventure, try Myers Rum—the spirit of adventure!

well in the American tenpin game, which is new to many of them. For generations they played ninepins, the game Rip Van Winkle liked before he went to sleep. At Geneva a big tournament was held a couple of weeks ago. Ernst Hauser of Zurich won it with an average of 182 for six games, and he had never seen a bowling alley until two months before. Europeans, used to throwing a straight ball down wood or asphalt, are very accurate on spurs. At the Geneva tournament the 4-6 split was made twice. Many American bowlers have never made the 4-6 or the equally difficult 7-9 or 8-10 splits.

ON DADDY-O!

The fight to acquire football clients still rages between the American Football League Texans and the National Football League Cowboys in Dallas.

The other afternoon Lamar Hunt, the wealthy owner of the Texans, was playing football with his 4-year-old son, Lamar Jr. Young Lamar made a fine play, and his pop glowed with paternal pride. "Lamar," said the father, "you're going to be a good football player for us when you grow up, aren't you?"

"No, sir," said the boy, "I'm gonna be a cowboy."

INSIDE TRACK

• Moscow will be the scene of a heavyweight championship match this week—but in chess, not boxing. Red handicappers have made 24-year-old Mikhail Tal a favorite to defend his world title successfully against the once-unbeatable Mikhail Botvinnik.

• Charles Finley, new owner of Kansas City Athletics, will try to increase business by mail-order selling. Finley, who relied on mails to build a successful insurance business, now will send out letters to 800,000 homes in 150-mile radius of Kansas City. The offer: choice of any nine games during season and a guarantee of a good seat.

• The University of Houston's golf team should walk off with its sixth straight NCAA title. So stocked with good golfers is Houston that Richard Crawford, twice the NCAA's individual champion, could finish only ninth in the school's own tourney last week.

• The price for Big Ten football tickets next fall will be up 50¢ to \$1.





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COMING EVENTS

March 17 to March 22

(Times are E & T.)

★ Color television. ♦ Television. ■ Network radio.

Friday, March 17

FENCING

International: France-Am. Chicago, Ill., 8 p.m. (also March 18).

WRESTLING
Cleveland K of C meet, Cleveland.

Saturday, March 18

BASKETBALL (radio)

NCAA South college division, Evansville, Ind.
National: INDIANA-Texas, 10 a.m. (also March 19).

★ NBA playoffs, 9 p.m. (NBC).

WRESTLING
Miami vs. Jamaica ocean resort, Miami.

BOXING

★ Chubby Sack vs. Freddie Thompson, 10 p.m. (20 p.m. ABC).

BASEBALL

Hawthornet-Kenilworth Club, Washington, Pa.

GOLF

★ All-Star Golf series, Collins vs. De Vries (ABC).

WRESTLING

Beats vs. Toronto, 10 p.m. (also March 19).

WRESTLING

★ American Gold Cup, \$10,000, 8 p.m. (also March 19).

★ American Gold Cup, \$10,000, 8 p.m. (also March 19).

WRESTLING
Columbia College, Knoxville, Tenn.

Sunday, March 19

★ NBA playoffs, 10 a.m. (NBC).

WRESTLING

★ Championship: Brady, Nappy and Charles Solomon vs. Art Glen and Mickey Kaplan, 4 p.m. (ABC).

WRESTLING

National Capital Athletic Club, Washington, D.C.

GOLF

★ Celebrity Golf series, Sam Snead vs. Fredrickson, 5 p.m. (NBC).

★ PGA Golfers' Club Golf Festival, Seattle, 10 a.m. (also March 20).

WRESTLING

Chicago vs. Boston, 10 p.m. (also March 20).

WRESTLING

Montreal vs. Detroit, 10 p.m. (also March 20).

Toronto vs. New York.

Monday, March 20

BASKETBALL

★ All-Star: Sam's Challenge, Denver through March 21.

WRESTLING

The Grady, \$10,000, 8 p.m. (also March 21).

TENNIS

Cardenas vs. Chang, 10 p.m. (Montage Bay, 10 p.m. (also March 21).

Tuesday, March 21

BASKETBALL (radio)

National: Indiana-Texas, 10 a.m. (also March 22).

★ NBA playoffs, 10 p.m. (NBC).

WRESTLING

World: Max's Challenge, 10 p.m. (also March 22).

★ NBA playoffs, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Wednesday, March 22

GOLF

★ All-Star Golf series, New Orleans through March 24.

WRESTLING

Portland vs. 5 with States, \$10,000, 10 p.m. (also March 23).

Thursday, March 23

BASKETBALL (radio)

National: Indiana-Texas, 10 a.m. (also March 24).

★ NBA playoffs, 10 p.m. (NBC).

WRESTLING

Beats vs. Toronto, 10 p.m. (also March 24).

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**Sports
Illustrated**
MARCH 20, 1961

THE DRAMA IN MIAMI

The third fight between Floyd Patterson and Ingemar Johansson had four knockdowns and a disputed count (left, as Referee Billy Regan signaled the end over a dazed but rising Ingemar). Though it was not sophisticated theater, it had as much suspense as an Agatha Christie thriller. For a full account, turn the page

*Photographs by John G. Zimmerman
and My Photos*



WILDEST ROUND OF THE FIGHT WAS THE FIRST, WHEN INGO'S FARED RIGHT LANDED HARD, AS PLANNED, TO SEND PATTERSON DOWN

DRAMA IN MIAMI *continued*

A MATTER OF HEART

by GILBERT ROGIN

The decisive match between Floyd Patterson and Ingemar Johansson, which had promised so much, proved rich in fury and in melodramatic incident. It was not, however, theater of a high order. Like a bottle of beer which has been spent too long, it had an undeniable kick, but to the parists the flavor was faintly stale and flat. This was odd and appeared to baffle the fans: Patterson's survival of two astonishing knockdowns in the first round, his knock-out of Johansson in the sixth round and the controversial question of the last count.

Yet the fight seemed to occur in a dream—a dream portentous with disaster, tense with unresolved hostilities and at times filled, with almost intolerable suspense. The day before the fight Patterson said he had

a dream. He did not describe it but said instead that if he were a superstitious man he would be worried. Then he seemed to dismiss it entirely, saying, in almost a Zen attitude, "As far as I'm concerned, a dream is just an empty space looking for something to fill in." In the first round and throughout much of the fight, Floyd seemed to be of little more substance than an empty space looking for something.

Patterson performed in what almost amounted to a trance; he was distant and feckless, with the heavy, futile legs and arms of a dream runner. The jab which had been so impressive in the second fight and in his training for this one was gone. He stood as erect as a man treading water; and then—in that startling first round—he sank. Ingemar, pale as a Welsh miner, sweat dripping peacefully from his drawn face, missed

with three of his famous rights before he landed a big one. Floyd went down abruptly, and was up, perhaps, at three. Since the Miami Beach Boxing Commission had not waived the mandatory eight count, unprecedented in a heavyweight championship fight, Floyd got the welcome gift of a short rest after the knockdown and before a right put him down again. He fell forward, hugging Ingo, but sliding to the floor. With his remarkable resiliency, Floyd got back on his feet, and shortly thereafter knocked Johansson down with a right followed by a left hook. Ingemar, too, rose almost immediately before the round ended.

Floyd had said before the fight that he could not possibly be as vicious as he was during the last fight; but that fiery particle which had blazed across the Pele Grounds last June had become a cinder. It was Henry V who exhorted his army before the battle of Agincourt, "But when the blast of war blows in our ears / Then imitate the action of the tiger; / Stiffen the



THE CHAMPION FELL, CLUTCHING DESPERATELY AT JOHANSSON'S WAIST, THEN RECOVERED AFTER A MANDATORY EIGHT-COUNT

sleaze, rummen up the blood. . . ."

Floyd could not imitate the action of a tiger. "I couldn't get myself together," he said later, bruised, desperately tired, a cut swelling over his left eye and one on the bridge of his nose. "I tried everything, but I couldn't seem to find a style to fight him. There were more opportunities tonight than in the last fight but I couldn't take advantage of them." He was like Gene Fullmer in Las Vegas a week earlier, who had a loser's face in a loser's town. He talked in the faint, wistful tones of the defeated and busted, yet he had won, if not with splendor, at least with authority.

The second round and the third passed, expectantly, suspenseful. Ingemar was boxing very well, not in his advertised crouch, but with quite a sifty jab and good movement with his legs. Floyd slipped twice, once in each of these rounds; his footwork was bad, his timing off, although he did connect with one clumsy hook. He threw frequent wild rights, often leads, but

accomplished little. He did cut Johansson over the right eye.

Ingemar stunned Floyd with a right in the fourth, but that vaunted weapon was losing its power. In the fifth Floyd's guard was dropping, and if Johansson had had any sort of punch remaining he could have taken advantage of the target. But just as Floyd's combinations and body punches, which had been so fruitful the last time around, had vanished, so now had Ingemar's major weapon. Both men seemed weak and confused, unable to fill their missions.

And so it was with great surprise that the end came in the next round. Ingemar was well ahead in the sixth. He had landed with two mild rights, was jabbing well against Patterson, who was almost stationary from the waist up and was retreating listlessly. Then, of a sudden, Floyd struck out with a left hook. It connected, but it lacked the supermanic crack of authority. Ingemar was halfway down before the crowd was halfway up. As he descended, Floyd caught him un-

der the ear with an overhand right.

Even then it seemed that Johansson would make it to his feet with no difficulty, as he had at the conclusion of the first round. Indeed, he started to rise, but his legs were unequal to the great, disturbed weight of his body and he caved forward as though to begin the most elementary of somersaults. As the count continued, he rose again and seemed to have beaten 10, but Referee Billy Regan waved his arms in front of Ingemar and the fight was over.

Floyd had won, but the victory was not sweet. It was rather as if he had awakened from the desperate dream and stumbled, thick with sleep, into reality. The empty space was filled, but not the way it should have been. "I thought I was up in time," protested Ingemar later, wearing a red tie and black eye. "I heard the count all the way, I heard nine and he say 10 when I was up."

It was, as Comedian Joe E. Lewis had predicted, a tacking fight. Joe E. had been referring to Johansson's

continued

troubles with the U.S. Internal Revenue Service, which claims he owes over a half million in back income taxes. Ingo contends he is a Swiss resident, the sole asset of a "holding" firm called Scanart and not a taxable property. He says he owns no stock in Scanart. When pressed to divulge who owns it, he said airily, "Oh, a couple of people in Geneva." "Who's that?" said Joe Louis (the one who used to fight), listening in. "Your mother, your father and your brother!"

Ingo can ponder his financial future the next few days while he takes a some sun. "I must catch up with my brother," he said. "He's got the nice sun tan and in Sweden it is still winter and a sun tan is much envied."

Even in victory, Floyd must consider the darker realities of his future. He had won, yes—but why had he looked so bad? Had he, again, been overtrained? Is he of too compassionate a nature to be a truly demanding and vicious fighter? Should he have his hair cut the day before a fight, as he did, wondering if, like Samson, it would weaken him?

Before him, almost unavoidably, is that amiable billy goat, Sonny Liston. Floyd has said he would fight him if Liston gets rid of the tough guys who own and move him, and Mavague Cos D'Arane has said the same. But if Floyd is eventually to take on Liston and be hopeful of winning he will need not only the passionate savagery of the second Johansson fight but the admirable execution of punches as well. He must, then, at 26, recapture the past, always a hard undertaking.

But as he lay in his bed Tuesday morning, lying on his back on his beard—he has had a back condition and has not been able to sleep on his stomach for years—Floyd had no need to feel ashamed. He has a proud and first-rate heart. It brought him up from peril and darkness in the first round and, surpassing his lapsed skills, here him on. He is a good man and a good champion, and may be sleep easy. Ingo, too. **END**

BATTERING but battered, Patterson (left) started Johnson down for the last time in sixth round. A moment later he proudly raised his hand in a triumphant salute.





CZECH GIANT KILLERS

In Switzerland Jack Olsen saw Czechoslovakia's upstart hockey team destroy Russia with psychological warfare and come within a whisper of winning the world championship

by JACK OLSEN

THE CHALLENGING CZECHS BRANDISH THEIR STICKS IN DEFIANCE OF THE WHOLE WORLD AFTER HOLDING CANADA TO A TIE



The world being what it is, there were a few perfunctory cries of "Yankee, go home!" or its equivalent at the world hockey championships in Switzerland last week, but they were prompted only by a sense of duty on the far left. No one in his right mind—not even the most rabid Red—could seriously consider the U.S. team a threat of any kind, and in Geneva and Lausanne the group of earnest young hockey players who had been gathered together by American Coach Connie Plehan were notable mostly for being agreeable and graceful losers. They made many friends and few goals, and ended up, bruised and bandaged, close to the bottom rung of the ladder. The only clearly visible threats at the start of the 10-day tournament were the hard-checking Canadians, aiming for their 19th world "amateur" championship, and the Russians, who move out onto the ice as though the future of the Communist world depends on their sticks and blades.

Raised against these glacial giants, the rest of the ice-borne nations competing in the two Swiss cities looked pretty puny. The whole tournament was so arranged as to bring the big two up against each other in the climactic game on Sunday night. Long before that final game took place, however, a team from Czechoslovakia, rated by the experts as little more than "the best of the also-rans," was making both the giants quake on their skates.

Any Czech who dared to say it probably would be guaranteed a trip in the nose cone of a one-way Sputnik, but the fact is that the Czech hockey players in Switzerland wanted to beat their big Red brothers from Moscow more than they wanted to beat any other team from any other nation. This is partially because strong anti-Russian sentiment still exists in the land of Masaryk and Beneš, and partially because all satellite peoples find themselves so much in the shadow of the U.S.S.R. that they are hungry for identity. The Russians, on the other hand, came to Switzerland determined to prove that Soviet hockey, like Soviet every-

thing else, is the best in the world.

The entire organization of hockey in the Soviet Union had been revamped during the last year to develop a championship team. From the big leagues in Moscow to the bushes in the remotest backwoods, Russian coaches were ordered to scuttle their old individual star system and develop unified forward lines and defensive units that could be switched around intact from team to team.

As any National Hockey League coach well knows, three good forwards or two defensemen who have learned to play as a unit are far more valuable than three star forwards or two unmatched defenses who have never played together. Teamwork and discipline were the hallmarks of the Russian team that took the ice on Tuesday against the Czechs, and to every bookmaker in the Alps the outcome seemed certain. Russia had already sailed through the U.S., Finland and Sweden with the imperturbable majesty of an icebreaker in the East Siberian Sea and seemed destined to go on plowing ahead.

But the Czechs, who had also beaten the Americans and the Finns, were not to be pushed aside so easily. They turned the grim Russian determination to their own account in a wild war of nerves. At times every Russian player on the ice seemed to be looking over his shoulder for the secret police.

As the Russians, tense with the knowledge that they had to win or else, lined up for the face-off and the referee stood ready to drop the puck, the Czechs would decide to change their line. They did this time and again—always at the very last moment. The Russians would have to stand grinning their teeth while Czech players skated nonchalantly back to the bench and substitutes skated nonchalantly on again. With the puck at last in play, the sly Czechs would start another private game. Often for as long as 30 or 40 seconds they would skate silently back and forth in their own defensive zone, passing the puck to one another with no more purpose than kids playing tiddly-winks at recess time. Sometimes a

continued



CANADIAN STAR Forward McLeod gears into a suddenly clouded future.



RUSSIA'S TEAM keeps deep furrows of anxiety on once-confident brows.

Czech defenseman would stand stock-still with the puck against his stick for ten seconds or more.

Unable to bear the suspense, the Russians would bang their sticks on the ice in frenzied irritation, demanding action. Finally, past all patience, the furious Russians would bear down on the phlegmatic Czechs, who had been waiting for just this moment. With the Russians well out of position and crowded in the Czech end of the ice, the Czechs would flick a pass down the ice to a forward (generally Jan Stastny) stationed all alone just outside the enemy defense zone. Stastny would then break away for a solo dash and flip the puck past the goalie.

Gallant gesture

Twice in the first period of the Russo-Czech game the Czechs scored by this method, only to have some beautiful team play by the Soviet *Moscow Wings* flip it up again. The Czechs went ahead for two more goals, and the Russians once again tied it up. Then, as they had time and time before in the game, the Russians lost their heads in the face of Czech liddlywinks, and committed themselves too deeply in Czech territory. Czech Wingman Vladimir Rubnik broke away to score on a rink-long rush, and the game to all intents and purposes was over.

David had clobbered Golath, and the 11,000 polyglot fans crammed into Gagarin's Palais des Vernets threw hats, canes and even wine-glasses into the air. Poor Rubnik himself was inundated in a collective embrace as the entire Czech bench streamed out onto the ice.

Russian morale was so shattered by all this that in the last few seconds of the game the Russian goalie, Vladimir Chinov, who had been benché to give the Soviets a chance at one more power play, leaped over the rail to stop a stray puck without a by-your-leave from coach or referee. This gallant but illegal gesture cost the Russians an additional penalty and an additional goal. At the end of the game the score was Czechoslovakia 6, Russia 4.

Wheated by this astounding upset, 18,000 people crammed into Lussan's Palais de Montebani two

days later to see what the doughty little Czechs would do to Canada. Standing room sold for \$3, and reserved seats were bringing \$20 each on the black market. Big blocks of Canadian rosters shouted "Come on, you Smokies," at the team from Trail, B.C., which, in fact, is not even the best in Canada. A Czech roter waving a large flag stood up in the midst of a crowd of his countrymen and shouted the Slovak equivalent of "Shut-up!" at the Canadians. "It'll take a bigger man than you to make me, and I come from a free country," shouted one Canadian right back. It was just like a night in the Forum at Montreal when the Rangers are in town. The pregame tension was such that the two Swiss referees took a two-mile walk together to calm their nerves.

The Czechs had already begun to psyche the Canadians on their way to the stadium. Nattily dressed in blue blazers decorated with decidedly un-Communist-looking coats of arms, they laughed and joked and signed autographs as though nothing more important than an afternoon of croquet were ahead. The Canadians tried to counter this nonchalance by skating out on the ice in a burst of laughter and slapping each other's backs in easy-come easy-go style. But nobody was feeling anybody. Both teams were deadly determined and frightened underneath, for a Czech victory could put a lock on the tournament.

Normally the Canadians, who are far more an aggregation of stars than a closely disciplined team, start slowly and build up to a crescendo in the last period. This time they came on like gashuaters. Czech Goalie Joseph Mikula, 23, who mines coal when he's not tending goal, saved the game during that first period, making stop after stop while the Czech defensemen got themselves loosened up. Finally, with 15 seconds left, the Czechs got their standard nerve-racking game of *click-click-click* going, pulled the Canadians out of position just as they had the Russians and scored on the old familiar shoe-string ploy.

In the second period Canada's Defenseman Darryl Sly broke up countless Czech attacks, sweep-checking the puck away from oncoming Czech lines until Wingman Jack McLeod and Hugh McIntyre were able to

mount a successful attack that left the score tied one-all. As the third period began, the Canadians looked blue and dejected in their red-and-white uniforms. The blue-clad Czechs on the other hand looked cheerful as cherubs. The Czechs apparently were encouraged by the knowledge that even a tie would put them, unexpectedly, in line to win the tournament. The Canadians, knowing that a tie would be just as good as a win for them, too, seemed to be more concerned with the knowledge that a loss would mean curtains for all their hopes. Each team, hoping the other would somehow lose its head, was therefore playing cautiously—and, just as both hoped, the game ended at 1-1. The tie left Czechoslovakia and Canada tied for first place in the tournament with four wins, a tie and no losses for each. Russia was a half game behind them with four wins and one loss; and Sweden was a peer fourth.

Out of the game

By the last night of the tournament, when Russia finally came face to face with Canada, the game that was supposed to be the high point of the tournament had become only an anticlimax whose excitement was lodged largely in mathematics. Despite a whopping 12-1 victory over West Germany the day before, the mighty Russians were already out of the running. On their success or failure against the Canadians hinged the fate not of the Soviet Union but only of brave little Czechoslovakia. Without being able to do a thing about it themselves, the Czechs had to sit in the stands cheering their old adversaries, knowing that only in the case of a tie or a Russian victory would they themselves emerge as champions of the world.

Unfortunately it worked out differently. The Canadian skaters, displaying the form that has won their nation so many world championships, put the defeated and by now deflated Russians to rout by a score of 5-1, leaving the Czechs the consolation of being officially named the champions of Europe.

And, oh yes, in a little-noticed game on the last day of the tournament, the U.S. beat Finland 5-2, winding up in sixth place with one win, one tie and five defeats. **END**



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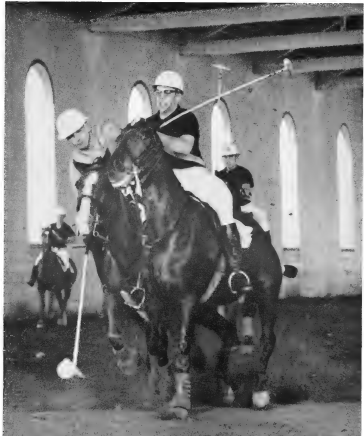
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Schoolboys on horseback . . .

... play a man's game

They call each other Kit, Townie, Ted and Buzz, and they swing wicked mallets for the Valley Forge Military Academy in Pennsylvania, one of only four U.S. secondary schools that play polo. Lacking competition in their own age group, the hard-riding teen-agers take on grown-ups, frequently give them a rough time. Here the young poloists demonstrate their skill and daring by riding Wilmington's veteran Brandywine polo club to a 4-4 tie.



ACTION is fast and continuous as Valley Forge (dark jerseys) battles the Brandywine in school's \$400,000 riding hall, one of the nation's best for indoor polo.

ATTENTION of punishing game sidelines: Valley Forge Captain Kit Kerns after injury by a competitor's rearing pony. Teammate Townie Vogel comforts him.

REVERSION to type characterizes even polo-playing schoolboys, who are not too proud to bust loose at almost any time in an impromptu game of touch football.

Photographs by James Emery



Pot Shots and Mayhem



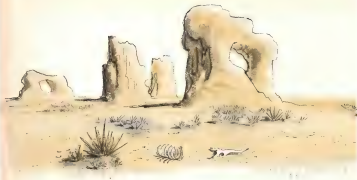
To an American seeing his first game, indoor handball resembles hockey played with a volleyball on a basketball court. The game was invented by an Irishman, perfected by the Swedes and has become a spectacular wintertime favorite in Europe. There are seven men to a side, the ball is dribbled and passed, and scores are made by skimming shots past a goalie tending a large, wide-mouthed net. What makes handball, European style, different from other sports is a 26-foot rule: attacking players may not set feet beyond a semi-circular line in front of the goal, but they may fly over the line and get their shots off in the instant before crashing to the floor. Last week at Dortmund, Germany, a daring Rumanian team flew and skimmed to the world title.

HEAVILY PADDED goalies (left) and players spring to block shots rocketed by attackers who leap toward goal and fire point-blank at net. Broken veins, kneecaps are common.





RECKLESS DIVE ACROSS PENALTY LINE IS IN VAIN AS DEFENDING DUTCHMAN STEALS BALL FROM RIGHT HAND OF GERMAN SHOOTER



THE FAN CRIES HAVOC

As the season opens, one roofer looks with bewildered alarm at the chaos of baseball's once orderly cosmos, where old teams are uprooted and new ones mushroom strangely

by WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

A terrible thing has been happening in the universe of major league baseball. Unshakable laws have been shaken; brutal forces have smashed a system that was long in harmony.

*"Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All just supply and all relation.*

So John Donne wrote on learning of Galileo's discoveries, which confirmed that the earth was not the center of the universe and thereby upset an order that man had always believed in. I can't pretend that the recent convulsion in baseball is as

great, but I think I know how Donne and his contemporaries felt. Almost overnight millions of baseball fans have been overwhelmed with anxiety. It is true that whenever somebody in the past tampered with the major leagues we felt the world tremble, but it always quieted down again. Now we know it never will.

I remember that the first time I felt grave doubts as to the immutability of nature's laws was in 1955 when the Boston Braves were plucked bodily out of Boston and installed in an alien city. This event altered an order that had existed

since 1866, and it gave me an uneasy feeling that my secure world was beginning to crack. I recovered, but then teams that had been fixed for more than half a century in St. Louis and Philadelphia shot out of their orbits and landed in Baltimore and Kansas City. Now surely the cosmos was splitting, and I suffered spells of edginess and depression.

Nothing abnormal happened for a while after that, and I soothed myself with the thought that the worst was over. But in 1968, quite suddenly, two teams from my native New York trilled across the western deserts and over the Rockies to camp in far California. This was a cataclysm too severe to grasp. My universe shook with unholy tremors.

I was not prepared, however, for things to become as deranged as they have in the past few months. I am told that in my tormented sleep I now cry out words like "Houston," "Minneapolis," "Chavez Ravine" and "Joe Crain," and in my nightmares I see hordes of baseball players hurtling through the skies over America, bound for destinations that they never quite reach.

For the worst is not over. Greedy hands are juggling teams from town



It was a catastrophe for us to grasp when teams from New York pulled across the western deserts to settle in faraway California.

to town without a twinge of compassion. They create whole new clubs and graft them hurriedly onto our cosmos, marring its ancient rhythm. Theyicker and talk of money, leaving no doubt that they will continue to exploit our world until it, and all who love it, are destroyed.

Those of us who did love it are beyond mere melancholy and malaise. We tremble with fury and ache with despair, and our friends and relatives fear for our health. It is for their sake that I attempt here to explain.

My own addiction began in 1931, when I was 9. I noticed immediately that the two major leagues were not ordinary institutions, mortal and fallible. There was about them a mathematical precision. They operated within a system as delicately balanced as the movement of planets, and I assumed they were inviolate.

The cornerstone of the system was the structure of the National and American leagues, the "elder loop" and the "inner circuit." (Fixed clichés were an integral part of this fixed universe.) How the 11 cities that among them boasted of 16 clubs originally won their place in baseball's aristocracy above the hundreds of teams in that abysmal realm called

"the minors" I never knew or even asked. Some divine right had put them there, and that was that.

The schedule was a thing of beauty. Each team played 154 games, 22 against every other team, 11 at home and 11 away. The leagues were divided in half geographically. This meant that the four eastern teams would make a "western swing" and then return for a "home stand" while the four western teams made an "eastern swing." So the seasons took on a certain beat, and I learned to listen for the different rhythms that rose and fell between mid-April and October 1, and to gauge their effect on the pennant race.

Aging stars might wilt

A typical factor was the heat in St. Louis. Judging by the sportswriters' accounts, St. Louis in summer was little better than the Sahara, a furnace to melt even an asbestos pitching arm. Therefore, if the schedule happened to bring to St. Louis, for a crucial Labor Day double-header, a team whose aging stars might wilt under the cruel Missouri sun, that was an impossibility that had to be pondered.

As St. Louis was hot, so Boston was

cold. The wind that blew off the Charles River into Braves Field could turn a pitcher's soupbone to jellied madrilène, or so I gathered from the sports pages, and this was another hostile natural force to watch.

Not only the weather had its regional quirks, the different ball parks had their own. Laid out in obedience to existing realty patterns, rather than to Abner Doubleday's theories, they often imposed a strange geometry on the game. The left-field fence in Fenway Park, home of the Boston Red Sox, was notoriously near and therefore favored right-handed batters. Ebbets Field, an irregular patch of grass surrounded by Brooklyn, had a right-field wall that rose not far behind the normal position of the right-fielder, and many a long fly soared over it into Bedford Avenue. Thus Bedford Avenue, an ordinary city street, became a very special street, a symbol of dreams fulfilled or dashed.

Personality was important to us in our orderly system. Certain teams had it and others didn't, and we became attached to them accordingly, regardless of where we lived. The St. Louis Cardinals, for instance, could be counted on to play with their—not

continued

for nothing were they called the Gas-house Gang. Just what sort of gang dwelt in gas houses I didn't know, but I assumed that they were scrappy and assertive, for that's what the Cards were, not only in the days of Frank Frisch, Dixie Dean and Pepper Martin but also in the later era of Knos Slaughter, and they won the loyalty of countless fans who had never been to St. Louis or couldn't even point to it on a map of the U.S.

The Brooklyn Dodgers also had a distinctive stamp, one that was essentially comic. In part this was because the word "Brooklyn" is considered one of the funniest in the

American language, a staple of vaudeville comedians starved for a laugh. The early Dodgers made the word manifest on the diamond. They stole bases that were already occupied; their fielders, like Babe Herman, moved so grotesquely that the descending ball struck every part of them except their glove, and pitchers like Van Mungo fired balls of great velocity that only the screen could catch.

They were the clowns of our universe, and when they finally ceased to be clowns, when Leo Durocher took charge and players like Pee Wee Reese and Pete Reiser inspired the team to heroic acts, they still retained a somewhat antic reputation.

The Dodgers were debating for a time in Chavez Martínez, which for all I know might be in Mexico.



The adjective "daffy" clung to them, as did the noun "Bum." Their raffish fans, who sat stripped to the waist in the center-field bleachers to catch the afternoon sun, serenaded them with a "sym-phony" orchestra and other foolish endearments.

The New York Yankees also had a personality that remained constant over the decades. They were patrician, imperious and cold. Fans who admired their perpetual excellence, their unassailable hauteur, had nothing but disdain for the seven other teams that dared to pretend to the throne. Fans who hated the Yankees, on the other hand, gave their loyalty to any city that seemed likely to dethrone the Kings, rooting particularly for the Cleveland Indians and Boston Red Sox, who always looked good on paper and, as it later turned out, terrible on grass. So the Yankees gave our universe a permanent schism, rather like the two-party system.

Other teams had personalities which, though harder to discern, were nonetheless unique to their followers. The New York Giants had a quality, which sportswriters called indefinable and then tried to define, that belonged not so much to a corporation (which they were) as to a college (which they were not): something gentlemanly and sportsmanlike. It bound their fans, who would not think of removing their shirts, in an allegiance that never flagged through thick and thin—and there was a great deal of thin, especially during the long regime of Mel Ott, whose managerial sins were forgiven because he was so nice.

As the Giants proved, loyalty was blind and had no relation to the team's prospects. Other fans had ties that were even more unreasonable, many of course based on local pride. Nowhere does hope spring more eternal than in the breast of a Bostonian. Though the Braves gave their original city only one pennant after 1914 and the Red Sox have won only once since 1918, the Boston fan remains a creature of illogical optimism, a bright ornament in a skeptical world, and because of his fervor the Red Sox continue to have an elegance that their dreary record cannot entirely tarnish.

Harder to analyze are the spells that certain teams, not as flamboyant as the Cardinals or Dodgers, have long exerted on nonresidents. I was



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for many years an ardent fan of the Detroit Tigers, though I had never set foot in Detroit, and haven't yet. I followed their fortunes in minute detail in the years of Mickey Cochrane, Schoolboy Rowe and Charley Gehringer. Gehringer epitomized the perfection and grace of baseball, and the teams that he adorned won me with their attractiveness and class.

Only a few teams were so subject as to win almost no friends beyond their own city limits. One of these, the St. Louis Browns, were seldom separated in print from the adjective "lowly," and so they constituted no stable a



Dodger fans dressed informally.

pole at one end of our world as the Yankees did at the other. The dismal fact that they had never won a pennant was part of our catechism, and when they finally clinched the flag in 1944 we should have felt that our orderly system was in hopeless disarray, with worse to come.

These were the physical facts, the outward verities of our universe. They were reinforced by a still more rigid set of laws: the science of statistics. Probably no human pursuit is recorded as meticulously as professional baseball. Almost every act performed by a player on the field, a batter at bat and a pitcher on the mound is instantly inscribed in the archives of the game and consolidated with all earlier records. Thus, at any moment during the season, and in perpetuity thereafter, a player's achievement can be measured by various gauges.

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NAVOC continued

in a brain that is already cluttered.

It is these documents that make baseball the national pastime in fact as well as in phrase. To be a fan, a man need not live in a city that has a major league team. All that he requires is a newspaper. Some of the closest students of the sport, in fact, have never seen a game. Spectatorship is not the bond that links us, much as we prize the beauty of a double play or a running catch. The records are our common code. They are a standard of excellence, more than half a century old, against which every new player competes.

But the main thing is that the records are absolute. They are based on a schedule of 154 games, and we know what feats can and cannot be managed within that span. When some player brings off the unmanageable feat—when a batter bats .400 or a pitcher wins 30 games—we know that this is greatness, and know it automatically. The records are our metric system, our Bible, our Linus blanket.

To have these things rudely seized and subjected to heaven knows what possible confusion is to shake the very foundations of sanity. But other familiarities, physical factors, wrench at our consciousness too. Who can forget any more what the players we once knew so well, strangers now, will do on their alien fields? The Giants' new home on the far frontier is a common ball park, distinguished only by a howling wind in left field. The Dodgers took over a football field and are still dickering noisily with local interests about their new home in Chavez Ravine, which for all I know might be in Mexico. Today I'm no longer quite sure where anybody is.

The seamy episodes of stark greed and scholastic confusion which over the past months have characterized the so-called "expansion" of the two major leagues dramatized once and for all that the fun is gone. Inevitable businessmen and beaser speculators have robbed us of our security. The news on the sports page has had a cold, financial ring. Magistrates have out-bluffed tycoons only to succumb themselves to corporate lawyers.

Chaos, in short, has arrived. This summer and next, four teams are to be freshly hatched, teams with no tradition, personality or, for that matter, players. The two leagues are to



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bulge hideously into odd and distant corners of America and, at the present rate of tinkering and rapidity, may change shape every year or two. Worst of all, these will be a new schedule. The clubs will play 162 games, not 154, and will meet each other 18 times.

So there go the records, too. Fifty years of records, set by baseball's nobility, are now within reach of the multitude. A slugger aiming at Babe Ruth's mark will have approximately 32 more times at bat than Ruth, or than the giants like Greenberg, Fox and Gehrig who challenged him closely. Pitchers who normally win 18 games will now have a chance to win 29. It is a distinction that may seem small, but the difference between a 19-game winner and a 20-game winner is the difference between a commoner and a peer. Records for dou-



Giant feats were primarily neat.

bles, triples and other feats will lose their meaning.

It is indeed as Donne said, all in pieces, all coherence gone.

"What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny!"—to quote another poet who would have understood the situation and its perils.

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,

Comotion in the winds, frights,

changes, horrors,

Disset and crack, rend and derision!

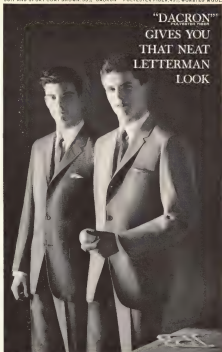
The unity and married calm of states

Quite from their fixtures!

So wrote Shakespeare three centuries ago, and that pretty well—in fact, very well—describes what has happened to baseball and to my nerves. In modern idiom, I got it bad and that ain't good.

END

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FAST PASS AT 5,000 FEET

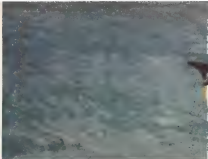
Ten years ago, when the sport of sky diving was young and barely noticed, a diver falling through thin air was utterly alone and free, for a brief moment master of his whole fate. But today, even while plummeting 120 miles an hour, a diver's time is not always his own. When diving instructor Lynn Pyland jumped from a height of 7,200 feet into the bright, windless sky over Hemet, Calif., his boss, Lew Sanborn, president of the Orange, Mass. Sport Parachuting Center, was right behind him. By stretching his arms backward to gather speed, then using his hands and legs to guide his fall, Boss Sanborn caught up with Pyland at 5,000 feet, passed him a baton and took his picture (right). Then both men opened their chutes and drifted safely to the ground. Not satisfied with this feat, Sanborn next tried chasing Pyland and another of his instructors, Bill Jolly, down from the sky. By the time Pyland passed a baton to Bill Jolly in midair, Boss Sanborn had drawn dead even with them and got the unusual sequence of pictures shown on the following pages.



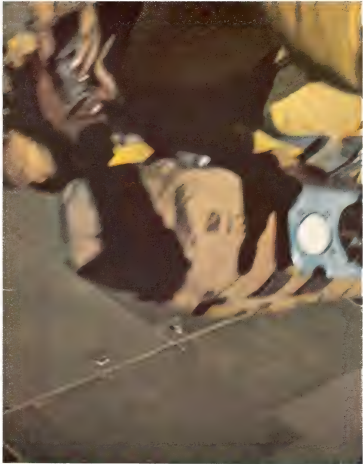
At 5,000 feet, Pyland passes baton to fellow diver William Jolly (right).

After baton pass, Pyland pushes himself away from Jolly (center).

A half second later, using arms as stabilizers, divers veer apart (bottom).







Dropping at 120 miles an hour, Pyland takes baton from Lew Sarber, who snaps a picture



of the action with a camera mounted on his helmet.



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DU PONT UPHOLSTERY NYLON

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The new Dodge compact, Lancer, is priced with Comet, Falcon and Corvair. However, Lancer has certain advantages. For instance, the interior illustrated above is standard. It does not cost extra. The fabric is knitted (rather than woven) from Dupont upholstery nylon. It has extraordinary properties. Sheds soil. Wears exceedingly well. Feels scrumptious. Other things you will like about the new Dodge Lancer include: a fully unitized, rust-proofed body. Plenty of room for people and luggage. A superb ride. An alternator-generator that will make the battery last far longer than usual. An inclined engine that combines outstanding performance with excellent gasoline mileage. Lancer is what you want in a compact car. Exactly.

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Jr I intended it to... this Mohara makes the suit you bought last year look like... well, like last year.

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JONES & JONES AT COURT

When Guards Sam and K.C. Jones come off the Boston Celtic bench, their basketball rivals often wish "first-stringers" like Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman were in the game

by GEORGE WALSH

In the hard-running ranks of professional basketball, players are judged by the company they manage to avoid. When they feint their way past their men, or streak down the court on the fast break, or momentarily escape the clutch of pawing hands, their unseizability is regarded as a highly desirable trait. In the National Basketball Association, no players are more adept at these admittedly unfriendly maneuvers than Sam and K.C. Jones.

These two immensely swift young athletes play the guard positions for the Boston Celtics, and their speed of foot and sleight of hand usually leave their rivals panting and puzzled—in much the same state as the champion Celtics perennially leave the other NBA teams. What is thoroughly incongruous about this situation, however, is that Sam and K.C. have achieved their pre-eminence in the role of substitutes.

On the Celtics, it would be almost impossible for the Jones boys (they are not related) to be anything but substitutes. Bob Cousy, who has been an NBA All-Star for 10 years, and Bill Sharman, an All-Star for seven, are the first-string guards, and they are not men easily pushed aside. The facts of life, however, are that Cousy and Sharman are in their 30s, and their skills, while just as shiny, are no longer as durable. "Around the second quarter or so," Cousy says, "I actually plan on being taken out of the game, and I pace myself accordingly. That's when Sam and K.C. come in. They not only sustain a lead, they add to it. And on defense, they hound

continued

SOLENN POSE reflects usual reserve Sam (center) and K.C. exhibit off the court.



the opposition guards so much that my man's all softened up for us when I come back in."

Aggressive as they are on the courts, Sam and K.C. (the initials stand by themselves; K.C. has no given names) are serious, reserved young men. Sam, whose somewhat elongated features recall the haunting sadness of a Modigliani portrait, is more innately so. "I was raised in Durham, where North Carolina College is," he says, "and by the time I

call man whose luggage reputedly includes a 10-foot pole for measuring the height of baskets on enemy courts, had to be shown. In 1957, the year Sam joined the club, the Celtics already had four excellent guards. "Frankly," says Auerbach, "he was an unknown boy from an unknown school. But we had last draft choice and I figured, 'Why not? There's nobody else left.' " Sam displayed so much speed ("he's the fastest man in the league") and spirit ("he's strictly a team man") that Auerbach not only kept him, but

beats, went right in. Nothing could persuade Sam to join her. "I was plain scared," he admits.

K.C.'s reserve, if he feels he is among friends, almost disappears. His athlete's body takes on a pronounced jauntiness, and he becomes a smiling, outgoing person—a man who is never far from people and laughter. ("No, no, Abe," he'll say, repeating Comedian Bob Newhart's routine about Linsell's public-relations man building up the presidential "image," "first you were a rail splitter, then you were a lawyer.") But he can be exactly the opposite. Bill Russell, the Celtic center who has known him since they played ball at San Francisco University, claims that K.C. didn't say more than a handful of words to him during the first month they were roommates. "He'd leave at 7:30 a.m. for class," says Russell, "shake my bed and say, 'Rum, breakfast!' In the evening he'd say, 'Rum, good night!' That was it." Eventually, there came the night K.C. talked. "I nearly fell out of bed," says Russell.

After graduation K.C. spent two years in the Army, then took a brief (and bruising) ding at professional football with the Los Angeles Rams. In 1958 he joined the Celtics. "I was scared and awed," he says. "I was afraid of making mistakes, and that's just when you make them. Cousy and Sherman would tell me to relax, and I would—in practice. At game time, though, I'd be tight. All I could do was run."

An All-America at San Francisco, K.C. was hardly unknown. But Coach Auerbach was not satisfied. K.C., says Auerbach, was "an All-America who couldn't shoot," and his defense was "the gambling kind." K.C. worked on his weaknesses. "I'm not a good shooter," he says, "and I try to make up for it with ball handling and defense. I'd watch Cousy, trying to pick up the way he gets rid of the ball on the fast break, the way he dribbles when a man is pressing him, the way he controls the game." As a rookie, K.C. never stopped running. "From the day he reported," Auerbach says, "he did everything I asked him. He went in and dogged his man, whether it was for 30 seconds or 30 minutes."

For K.C., as for Sam, the running paid off. "I began to notice," says Auerbach, "that when they were in



AS SAM RACES ALONGSIDE, K.C. DRIBBLES BALL URGENT TO START BOSTON PLAY

graduated from high school I had scholarship offers from two out-of-town colleges—CCNY and Notre Dame. But I was only 17 and I felt I was too young to go away. I figured the best thing to do was stay at home and go to North Carolina." Sam met his future wife at college; then, part way through school, he went into the service. "Gladys wrote to me for two years," he says, "and when I went back to North Carolina we just naturally got married." He finished college and was drafted by the Celtics. His reaction is typical of the man. "I was a little mad, a little glad," he says somberly. "I knew I would have had a much better chance of making another NBA team, but I felt good about playing with the best."

Originally, it was tough and go as to whether Sam would make the team. Coach Red Auerbach, a sleep-

moved an established star—Guard Frank Ramsey—to the forward position to make room for him.

Sam's earliest impressions of the Celtics revolve around Cousy. In one of his rookie games he took his eyes off Bob for an instant while racing down the court on a fast break. A Cousy pass caught him square in the head, rebounding several rows back among the spectators. "I told myself I'd never take my eyes off Bob in a game again," says Sam, "and I never have."

Once Sam knew he had made the club, he sent for his wife and, with their three children, they now live in a Boston suburb. The atmosphere is congenial, but his reserve persists. On a summer excursion to Cape Cod, for example, he and his wife came across a beachside hangout. Gladys, delighted with the chance to see some

the game we never lost any ground. Meanwhile, Cousy and Sharman were resting." Now, adds Auerbach, there is no feeling on the Celtics, or in the NBA, that when he puts in the Jones boys he is putting in substitutes; there are few teams on which they would not be first-string.

Auerbach's opinion is supported by statistics. Sam, who is primarily a shooter, would average 18 to 20 points a game if he played regularly (something accomplished last season by only four NBA guards, Cousy and Sharman among them), and K.C., who is primarily a passer, would collect 350 or more assists (something achieved by only six NBA playmakers, led by Cousy).

A patented press

On entering a game, K.C. and Sam usually press the man who brings the ball up. "We hound him all the way," K.C. says, "trying to make him lose it." For the most part, this tactic only works against a man who brings the ball up slowly. "It's easier to block his lanes," explains K.C. "The whole idea is to make him stop." At the very least, such a press makes the opposition waste valuable time. As many as eight or nine seconds may elapse before it gets the ball across half-court (a team is allowed 24 seconds in which to shoot) and, as a result, it may be forced to hurry its shot. "We keep our hands up, too," says Sam, "not out, sideways, but up. It keeps them from passing over us." If a man takes advantage of the close guarding to slip past them, the Jones boys get help. Nine times out of 10, the towering Russell is there to slap the ball away from anyone trying a layup.

Auerbach does not always play the Jones boys together. Sam, for instance, is playing more and more with Cousy. (Sharman has been out of the lineup with a recurring leg injury a good part of the season.) Sam has the lithe, limber body of a sprinter ("he has two speeds," says a teammate, "fast and real fast"), and frequently he is able to pull away from his man on fast breaks. Cousy leads him with long, graceful passes. When the opposition has a 3-foot center near the basket, however, Sam takes on the duties of a layup being blocked. He stops short near the sideline, hanks a shot off the backboard from 20 feet away. "Too late!" he yells as he gets the ball away before the 3-footer can deflect

Continued



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JONES & JONES continues

it. Sam is one of the few professionals (Gene Shue is another) who expertly use the backboards on medium-range shots: the fashion today is to aim for the front rim of the basket.

Similarly, K.C. teams up well with the sharpshooting Sharman. Chunky and tireless, K.C. jack-rabbits his way around the court, blocking for teammates and diving for loose balls. "If you want assists," he says, "just pass the ball to Sharman. He makes a shot from 30 feet out look easy."

Off the court, the Jones boys fit smoothly into the Celtics' extracurricular activity. Sam is the team's best campplayer, no small achievement among professional athletes, who traditionally while away the long hours of traveling with games that range from bridge to blackjack. Sam is so good, in fact, that he often has trouble getting into a card game. "I got 'em all," he exults, meaning he has taken every card. "My God," someone groans, "he's done it again.") For a time Auerbach stayed out of the games, putting his money, instead, on Sam. Both men prospered so mightily under this arrangement that the other players soon prohibited it.

Part of the team:

K.C. keeps the team entertained. One time he may lead the Celtics in whistling "Whoop! There goes another rubber tree plant!," a tune that takes on added significance because Russell is the proud part owner of a rubber plantation in Liberia. "Those trees are really growing," Russell says loftily. Another time K.C. may convulse them all by mimicking Cousy's languid walk or Russell's haughty stare. Auerbach revels in these exchanges. "That's the way a team has to be," he says. "You've got to be a part of it all the way."

As the Celtics clinched their fifth consecutive division title last week, Sam and K.C. Jones were very much a part of it. Nobody knows this better than their teammates. In a game in which the Celtics were ahead by 16 points K.C. took a headfirst dive to save a ball going out of bounds; Russell scooped it up and started the fast break; Sam took his favorite jump shot, ended up on the seat of his pants, and the Celtics were ahead by 18. From the bench, Bob Cousy leaped forward and applauded.

END

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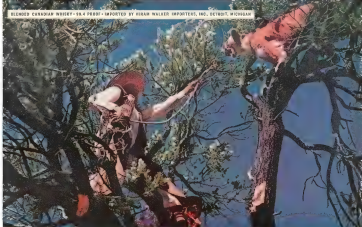
And of course, the secret problem being what it is today, it is now perfectly proper to place Famosa directly on the table.

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2. "Startling and slowing, the big cat hit the ground—his wicked legs lifted. And they looked sharp as switchblades. Then, as the rope's pressure increased, the fearless animal slowed down—and I made a grab for his tail.



3. "Wrestling the cat onto his back was no easy job for our party. They tied his front and back paws together—while I held the dogs at bay. Even then he was a formidable foe. So we clamped his jaws around a stick and forced him into a waiting cage.



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—ARROW—

Family-style field trial

Even Granny goes to watch when Georgia's champion bird dogs point quail for their amateur handlers



NEW CHAMPION AND OWNER-HANDLER SHOW THEIR SKILLS FOR A MOUNTED JUDGE

A good bird dog is as much a part of the traditions of Georgia's plantation country as peaches, tobacco and quail. Names like Mary Montrose, Warhorse Jake, Horse Again Mike and Palamontum are often better known to local citizens than Mickey Mantle or Carry Back, and it has been said that one may insult a Georgian's wife or children or even his mother, but to insult his dog is unpardonable.

Early this month, a small army of Georgians, together with their wives, their children, their mothers, and—above all—their dogs, gathered at Albany with like-minded enthusiasts from many other states for the National Amateur Quail Championship. Unlike most field trials in which highly skilled professionals handle the dogs for (often) absent owners, this is a stake purely for amateurs. Old folk and youngsters, parents, and even grandparents turned out on horseback or in mule-drawn wagons to follow the six-and-a-half-day running.

Children as young as 10 and old ladies of 70 spent eight-hour days on horseback and galloped to points as swiftly and as skillfully as the men over stump-sporting edge fields. Even local roadoggy residents were caught in the excitement of the event, and where the trial grounds occasionally crossed a back road, they waited in groups to glimpse the dogs and horses going by. Often they were rewarded by the sight of a point at close range, followed by the sudden, sometimes

startling, burst of birds when a covey was flushed.

The 48,000-acre area over which the national was run is one of the finest quail habitats in America. Dwight Eisenhower shoots here regularly, and the enormous numbers of wild birds which may be found on the grounds have attracted sportsmen from all over the world. An average day's hunt on any of the three plantations used for the trial—Richard K. Mellon's Pineland, W. Alton Jones's Blue Springs and John Grant Jr.'s Wildfair—will turn up 30 to 40 coveys of quail. A dog physically able to cover more area might well turn up twice this number because the birds are certainly there.

At this year's national, a 5-year-old white and-orange pointer named Pineland Johnny proved beyond doubt that he knew how to find them. Johnny was decidedly a newcomer in the company of such favorites as Just Rite Rex and 1990 Champion Sealrap. The national, because it is the most important trial run by the Amateur Field Trial Clubs of America Inc., requires every dog entered to have won a lesser amateur stake. Last year Johnny, who has run only half a dozen trials in his 3½-year career, failed even to qualify. In a field of 64 entries, many of them already celebrities, Johnny's experience looked meager indeed.

But Johnny is a hunter, a big-ranining, tireless quail dog who has spent countless days finding birds for

Owner Murray C. Fleming's gun. A local International Harvester dealer, Murray himself has raised and trained and shot over dogs for most of his 48 years, but his field-trial experience, like Johnny's, has been limited pretty much to events around home. As a hunting team, however, Murray and Johnny have ranged over every plantation in the Albany area. Ever since Fleming acquired Johnny as an 18-month-old puppy in a trade, they have been practicing together. When the test of this partnership finally came at Johnny's first national trial, he was ready to give the best performance of his hunting career.

Johnny ran in the third brace on the third day of the trial. For weather, it was the worst day. A heavy mist settled on the grounds early in the morning and by 11, when Johnny was put down after three hours of journeying about in a dog wagon, a torrential rain began to fall. Unmindful of weariness or weather, he located a covey of quail on his first cast and in the subsequent hour and a half went on brilliantly to five more finds.

"It's mighty hard to scent the birds with rain coming straight down," Fleming said afterwards, "but that Johnny-dog didn't seem even to notice. He was giving me everything he had, rain or no rain."

Everything Johnny had was just what the judges wanted, and the gallery, following Pineland Johnny on that third day, knew it was watching a new champion.

More distance racing, please!

The damaging effects of the American preoccupation with sprint racing are crowed in Part II of the series (SI, Feb. 12), 'The Troubles of a Prosperous Sport'

One of the direst aspects of U.S. Thoroughbred racing is its adherence to a monotonous program of sprint races. It may be true that the better ones little about the distance of a race, but for those who hope to keep alive some of racing's traditions, the endless succession of six-furlong sprints must be a cause of deep concern. The majority of America's major owners and breeders (in whose hands the future of our classic racing rests) agree that sprints do nothing to enhance the reputation of horse, breeder or trainer.

In the past four years, the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes, one of our great classics, has been won only once by an American-bred colt. If this trend is to be halted, the question of distance racing must be taken up by the entire racing industry. Only about 5% of the American stakes program in 1969 was scheduled at a mile and a half or over. In England the figure was nearly 45%, in France about 41%. Less than a dozen stakes in the U.S. were exclusively for 3-year-olds at a mile and a quarter or over. Six of these were in New York.

Joe Eates, editor of *The Blood-Horse*, crisply sums up the contradictory attitudes on the subject: "The heretical doctrine that eight or nine furlongs is a proper distance for determining the best horses in each generation is popularly supposed to have been dictated by pari-mutuel wagering and its abhorrence of small fields. There are more sprinters and milers than stayers, says the apologist; there are indeed enough sprinters and

milers to fill nine races a day; hence he concludes that it is unnecessary, unprofitable and even financially dangerous to offer races for stayers—unless they are selling placers. The fact is that the lack of distance races in North America is due to the inattention of race track management."

An explanation for management's attitude is offered by Santa Anita Racing Secretary Jimmy Kilroe: "We have a tremendously competitive sport. . . . No one track, in other words, can change things by itself. However, if each track would run, say, three mile-and-a-half races per meeting for a decent purse, then they would develop enough horses to feed each other's programs."

(The recent success with such a program in Ontario was possible because tracks there are centrally located, and because racing is judiciously controlled by one jockey club.)

Distance racing, if properly fostered, would become more important to owners, Eates suggests, because it would bring to light the now suppressed abilities of many horses. It would turn some liabilities into assets. "Most important for the breeder, is that he would have greater latitude and more dependable guidance in selecting breeding stock."

Many trainers firmly believe that longer races are more fruitful, giving the best instead of the luckiest horse more chance to win. On this score Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons says, "We would have better horses—more stoutly bred, and sounder—and the public would enjoy racing more. I think the shorter races are harder on horses, trying to make them do something they can't do. Distance races give a horse a chance."

The influential directors of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations can solve this problem; all it really needs is cooperation between the racing departments of TRA member

tracks. U.S. owner-breeders, instead of standing accused of breeding for speed (when actually it is the economics of today's racing that compels them to train for speed) may yet be able to stop the English- and Irish-bred invaders from winning the Belmont. First, however, they must fully back up the Eates suggestion that, "the only way to have distance racing is to have it the year round, in many areas, and for all classes of horses—not as a novelty, but as routine."

Racing fans, tired of a starting gate that is perennially anchored on the far reaches of the backstretch, surely will welcome more starts in front of the stands and elsewhere.

The relationship between distance racing and international racing is a



ASCOT'S SPAGNOL SUIT PARADE

natural one; as Americans more and more realize the importance of testing their stock over classic routes, the race willing they may eventually be to take an active role in worldwide competition. To date the only serious part played by our horsemen in that field is to run (with all expenses paid) in the Washington, D.C. International, that popular but costly extravaganza staged for the last nine years by John D. Schapiro at his Laurel Race Course. Laurel's success is now well established. But today's jet service from New York to London and Paris should stimulate other international races in countries where the prestige of winning a classic is much greater than in America.

One of the best proposals on this subject comes from Marshall Camidy, a member of The Jockey Club committee investigating international racing. Camidy suggests a type of Grand Prix event to be staged annually, on a rotating basis, in the major racing countries of the world. Under such a system an international classic could be held in England, Ireland, France, Italy, Australia, Japan, Mexico, Brazil, Uruguay, Venezuela, Argentina, Russia, Germany, Sweden and Canada in addition to the U.S. "The eventual success of such an

idea," says Camidy, "might depend largely on the education of American horsemen in the systems and methods of foreign racing. For example, there would undoubtedly be more enthusiasm for international racing in this country if more of our leading stables participated in France's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe as well as in some of the English classics. Participation by the individual is the only way to generate enthusiasm."

Jockey Club takes lead

John Schapiro points out that "most foreign jockey club officials would never bother to make the effort that we do to attract the top horses from other countries." But our own Jockey Club, headed by George D. Widener, has invited its colleagues abroad to meet with the U.S. committee to determine whether or not there is sufficient interest to warrant drawing up a plan for a future world classic. The problems to be ironed out before any such race could be held are not minor. Ideally, we think, the conditions of the present Laurel race are best suited for the majority of racing nations: a mile and a half on grass, weight for age, open by invitation only (with no nomination fees) to 3-year-olds and upward

of both sexes. Each country's ruling racing body, rather than the host track, should underwrite expenses to send its individual champion or entry. A good start in this direction would be for our own Jockey Club to assist, or at least encourage, the owner of the leading American handicap horse to run this October in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp. For that matter, one of the Paris classics could easily serve as the first World International, with the following one to be held, say, at Ascot. This would serve the dual purpose of stimulating some French and English leadership (a very touchy subject, since they are somewhat jealous of each other), while at the same time clarifying America's role as just another participant rather than as self-elected ruler of the roost. Other questions include choosing an appropriate time of year for such a race, the courses most suitable for playing host to it and, in view of foreign prejudice against our mechanization, the alternatives of a barrier or a gate start.

Someday owners and trainers may be willing to send a good horse anywhere in the world at any time for an event of international prestige. That will be a great day for domestic racing, too.

BBB



WILL BE AN INTERNATIONAL MEETING PLACE IF THE JOCKEY CLUB PLAN FOR A SERIES OF GRAND PRIX RACES BECOMES A REALITY

AUTOLITE RACING REPORT



AN AMAZING STORY OF SPEED, ECONOMY AND PERFORMANCE

The following account is based on events that took place on the packed sands, banked circuit and scientific economy course of the Daytona Beach, Fla. The events covered took place between Feb. 4 and Feb. 25, 1961. They involve 36 men, 36 highly-tuned but otherwise common automobiles, and 36 outstanding results that all had one thing in common.

FEB. 12—SCREAMERS ON THE SAND. If you have any kind of affinity for cars at all, you can feel the hair on the back of your neck rise when the boys warm up for the Flying Mile. To win, just haul yourself and your car between two markers a mile apart. Do it on sand. Try to miss the ocean which lies on one side and the soft spots on the other. David Doern indicated that records would be tough to come by when he slid behind the wheel of a compact called Valiant and turned 93.167. "Buzzy" McCammon took a "mild" 283 cubic inch Chevy through the

traps at 114.924. Buzzy switched cars, threw sand for fifty feet in his 348" Chev., raised eyebrows and the class record to 119.86. A brutal Chrysler 300 G peeled off with an indicative roar and the unlimited stock record shattered. Gregg Ziegler was the man who took home the marbles with a blistering 143.027.

A FANTASTIC FINALE. With this for an introduction, Andy Granatelli decided it was time to unleash his blown bomb. A rather awesome Chrysler 300 F with twin Paxton, McCullough superchargers under the hood. Andy claims 800 hp. Nobody argues. When Andy appeared at the line, the old record for NASCAR improved series production cars was 168.02 mph. The flag dropped and Andy left the line far behind. He also left the record far behind. Two-way average: 172.166. Best one-way run: 179.372, fastest ever recorded on NASCAR clocks. **SEALED AT 1969" x.** The Valiant, the two Chevs and the two Chrysler

300's all set their records using Autolite Spark Plugs. On some of these cars Autolite Spark Plugs are not standard equipment. The drivers used them to replace standard plugs. Why? Here is one possible reason. Heat sealing. All modern aircraft spark plugs are heat sealed to prevent compression leakage. So are all the spark plugs sold to our armed forces for severe service. Automobile plugs? Another story. Over half of the automobile spark plugs sold in this country use a powder seal. Some of them leak compression. Autolite heat seals every single plug it makes. Every Autolite plug is unconditionally guaranteed not to leak under the most severe driving conditions. Perhaps this alone is reason enough for men who make their living behind the wheel.

FEB. 16—COMPACT TIGERS HIT UP SNAKE. Eighteen compact tigers hit the mark to pick the pint-sized package with the most go. The course: a 3.1



mile snake. Flat curves, banked curves, Esses, flat-out straights. The boys were running strictly stock. The flag fell and rubber burned. Lee Petty, the congerial head of the famous father-son racing team, casually eased into a lead for the first lap. Fireball Roberts took over on lap 2, held on through lap 32. From then on it was all Petty. His Valiant moved like a barrel full of rocks on a downhill grade. Joe Weatherly rolled his Falcon while engaged in a furious Petty pursuit on lap 17. Lucky Joe landed right side up, pressed on regardless to finish 10th. After 150 hairy miles of Petty chasing, the order across the line: Petty; turning a record 88,564 mph in a Valiant. Fireball Roberts in a Pontiac Tempest, Tim Flock in a '69 Lark. John Rodgers in a Buick Special, Ralph Moody, Valiant; Curtis Turner, Falcon. In addition to Petty, six of the next nine finishers ran with Autolite Spark Plugs

under the hood. In five of these cars Autolite Spark Plugs were not standard equipment. We think this is pretty good evidence that professional drivers feel it's important to ask for spark plugs by name. You'll find it's worthwhile, too. Especially when the name you ask for is Autolite.

FEB. 18—SUPER MIDERS GO ALL OUT.

The Pure Oil Economy Run. A simple event. The man gives you one gallon of gas. You drive as far as you can. The only thing that counts is miles per gallon. Six classes. Result? Cars using Autolite spark plugs won as many facts as all other makes combined. In Rambler American's Class VI, Autolite took ten straight. In Class III, 7 of the first ten. First in Class V in a Dodge Lancer. The Pure Oil Economy Run, carefully supervised by NAS-CAR, is only one of the many national events in which Autolite Spark Plugs have clearly shown their ability to produce unexcelled

economy and performance in all cars.

A VERY UNUSUAL DESIGN. The reason for this outstanding record in all kinds of cars lies in a new kind of spark plug design. It is called Autolite Power Tip. It is the first spark plug that cleans itself while you drive. The firing tip of this spark plug is longer than usual. It extends deeper into your engine.

As you drive, the heat of your engine actually burns fouling carbon deposits off the tip. This is why many drivers replace original equipment spark plugs with Autolite for many important economy events. Power Tip spark plugs are available for all cars with overhead valve engines (Over 90% of the cars on the road today.)

FEB. 4—TEST OF THE TINY TORNADES.

The Formula JRS. Scaled-down versions of full-scale Grand Prix machines. Powered by economy sedan engines of less than 1200 cc. displacement, these flying gnats have proved their ability

continued

to equal and exceed big car lap times on tight circuits. In an attempt to break the 2.5 mile track record, Bart DeBieus in a Tarachi and Ray Stoutenberg in a Cooper turn 108.570 and 107.884. No dice. The record 116.913, set Nov. 13, 1960 by Harry Heuer still stands. All three men used Autolite Spark Plugs. The race: Nine diminutive darts leave the grid. It's like traveling 200 mph on an ironing board. 20 laps later the results are in. An Elva, Lotus, Cooper, Walner and Tarachi fly across the line in that order. Five of the first six cars with Autolite Spark Plugs under the hood.

FEB. 8—CHURNS UP TRACK. On the track, Herb Byrne makes a last check of his twin-cam MGA. He's out after the track record for this car. The flag drops and Herb boots it. Sliding around the corners like a skater on soft ice, Herb neatly nips the record, turning 121.056 mph. Powering the punch under the

hood, Autolite type AGS Spark Plugs.

FEB. 20—TAKE-OFF ARTISTS TAKE OFF. Back on the sand the boys are warming up for the one-mile acceleration runs. Six class championships are contested. In class 3, Dave Doern's Valiant shows the boys the short way home with 69.137 mph. In class 4, Bob Loudon has his restless Rambler well out in front with 80.213. Double flying mile winner "Buzzy" McCarmen and his Chevys, out for another double-header. He gets it with 80.681 in class 5, 83.775 in class 6. Bob Pemberton punches his Pontiac and walks off with class 7; 87.847 mph. The big boys show up for class 8. Harry Fawell's rucky Chrysler turns the best official time of the day; 90.661. Of the six class winners, five ran with Autolite Spark Plugs.

FEB. 23—CHAMPIONSHIP FREE-FOR-ALL. The 250 mile National Championship Modified Sportman Stock Car Race. In these cars anything goes.

Sixty track champions show up for the start with chips on their shoulders. When the flag drops, Jimmy Thompson in his not-at-all stock '56 Ford takes off with 59 angry men in pursuit. A few laps and the only thing ahead of Jim is the record. In less than two and one half hours that too is left far behind. Old record: 116.612. New record: 141.742. Behind Jim's Ford, another Ford, two Chevys, a Pontiac, two Chevys, and two Fords. All of the first ten finishers ran on Autolite Spark Plugs.

WAS DAYTONA BEACH A FLUKET These are the events, the cars, the men that made history during this year's Daytona Speed Week. Is the fact that so many of the winning drivers used Autolite Spark Plugs an accident? Before you decide, here are some things you might want to know about Autolite spark plugs. How they are made. How they are different from other spark plugs. And what



they have done that is outstanding.

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT HEAT SEALING? It was pointed out earlier that Autolite Spark Plugs are all heat sealed. This is done to prevent the compression inside your engine from leaking out around the spark plug insulator. All modern aircraft spark plugs are heat sealed. So are all the spark plugs used by our armed forces for severe military service. So is every spark plug Autolite makes, whether for the military, aircraft, racing or your car.

CLEAN THEMSELVES WHILE YOU DRIVE. The fact that Autolite Power Tip Spark Plugs clean themselves while you drive does not mean that you will never need another set of spark plugs. Our plugs need replacement just like other kinds. What self-cleaning does mean is that you get added protection against mileage loss and power loss that ordinary plugs do not give you. How much fuel this will save you depends on

how much city driving you do. But this added protection is yours at no extra cost, just by asking for Autolite Spark Plugs by name.

AUTOLITE SPARK PLUGS. WHY? We hope a few additional facts about Autolite Spark Plugs will convince you to ask for them by name. For instance, they were the spark plugs selected by American Motors to test the performance of their new Rambler aluminum engine in the famous Rambler 1,000,000 mile run. Foreign car enthusiasts find they work exceptionally well in all kinds of cars. Bill Krause used them in his Maserati to win the American Road Racing Championship for 1960. In January, Dan Gurney broke the track record at Naasau, beating the best cars and drivers from both sides of the ocean, driving a Lotus Grand Prix car equipped with Autolite Spark Plugs.

In the latest Bonneville speed trials, a Ford Falcon powered streamliner

hit 205 mph, beating the old record by 43 mph. This was only one of the 14 new records set at Bonneville using Autolite Spark Plugs. The current world's record for outboards is held by an Autolite equipped engine. And in the past five years, twice as many Mobilgas Economy Run winners have used Autolite plugs as all other makes combined.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? PLenty! There are more than 100,000 Autolite dealers all over the country that can provide a set of Autolite Spark Plugs to fit your car in just minutes. We offer an ignition-engineered selection of plugs that will fit anything with wheels. The easiest way to get them is to drive into the neighborhood gas station and ask for them . . . by name. Autolite Power Tip Spark Plugs, first spark plugs that clean themselves while you drive.

AUTOLITE 
SPARK PLUG DIVISION • 101,000 L. 888





BALANCING ACT IS PERFORMED WITH A FLORIN

The big show

The 10-month-old baby is a natural showman and something of a ham. At the least sign of an appreciative audience he will happily embark on an ad-libbed routine of crawling, climbing, rolling, pushing, pulling, dropping things or picking them up in a bid for applause. But, like all hams, a baby needs wise direction if his act is to merit acclaim. With disciplined guidance, his clownish attempts can be developed into such circuslike feats as rope hangs, handstands, wheelbarrows, chinups and even "tightrope" walking on a beam, as Bent Fouteau is nonchalantly doing here. Far from being mere tricks, however, these exercises, like those which preceded them (SI, May 2, *et seq.*), provide a valuable means of expression for the baby's growing aspirations and help him gain the physical dexterity he will need for a properly active childhood.

AS IF WAITING FOR APPLAUSE, A POISED AND RELAXED BENT TAKES A CONFIDENT LOOK TOWARD MORE ACTIVE MONTHS AHEAD





***Is it proper
to serve V.O.
at tea time?***

*Even the British say yes.
But just as there is
ceremony to drinking tea,
so there is form and
fashion to the way
fine whisky is enjoyed.
It should be sipped
and savored slowly
in the manner it
was created. Only then
can you enjoy the
soft, serene yet richly
satisfying taste
of Seagram's V. O., a
whisky of such world-wide
appeal, the sun never
sets on its pleasures.
Seagram's Imported*

V.O.

*Known by
the company
it keeps*



SEAGRAM'S V. O. IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE FROM CANADA
CANADIAN WHISKY - A BLEND OF SELECTED FINISHED, SIX YEARS OLD, OLD SCOTCH, CANADIAN DISTILLERS ASSOCIATION



excitement is standard equipment!

Behind that '61 Corvette is a 1927 Bugatti. It was as exciting as any car can be, but it was a little short on creature comfort and only the best coordinated and most sneaky could hope to drive it. The Corvette, on the other hand, guarantees unstinting devotion to all the details of driver-passenger comfort and accommodation with no sacrifice in flashing performance or impeccable handling. Anyone who can drive well can drive a Corvette; the only thing that really sets it apart from today's automobiles is the absolutely ecstatic way it goes down the road. Built into every Corvette is a lifetime supply of pure sports car excitement such as you've never known before.

Corvette by Chevrolet

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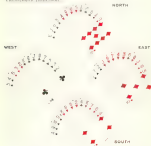


CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A good habit to kick

Learning to play bridge is very often a matter of learning good habits. But habits, like drugs, tend to lull the user into a state of euphoria. Unless treated with respect, they can be dangerous. The declarer in the following hand, for example, kicked away a very good grand slam contract because he could not shed what in any other circumstance would have been considered a good habit. The contract was the result of an unusual bid. Its loss was the result of literally following a common principle of play.

South dealer
Nuthin's worth a shovelful



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	2♠	3 N.T.	PASS
7♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening (first) bid of clubs

West's pre-emptive bid of four clubs robbed the opponents of space in which to exchange information, but North-South were using a convention called the grand slam force. South's opening bid was unlikely to include much in clubs, North knew, and his only real concern was whether partner held the missing tops in his spade suit. North's five no-trump bid was intended to resolve

that doubt. The burst to five no trump asked partner to bid seven if he held two of the three top honors in his bid suit, or to sign off at six if he lacked one of the two missing top cards. With a bare minimum bid, South wasn't keen on bidding seven, but since that minimum included the ace-queen of spades he had no choice in the matter.

Dummy's ace won the club opening and declarer thought he saw 13 tricks—two top diamonds, two diamond ruffs in the North hand, four high trumps in his own hand and four heart tricks in addition to the ace of clubs already won. He played accordingly. After one round of trumps, he cashed the ace and king of diamonds, trumped a third diamond with the jack of spades, came back to his hand with a second trump lead and ruffed the fourth diamond with dummy's spade king. A club ruff put South in to draw East's last trump, but, alas, the hearts were stacked and there was no way for declarer to avoid a losing heart trick.

South failed when he used dummy's trumps for ruffing. Generally, trumps are shorter in dummy and so as a rule it is worth one or two tricks to trump from the shorter hand. But in the above hand trumps were evenly divided. South, to his misfortune, was mesmerized by the prospect of ruffing in dummy and never realized that with an equal number of trumps in each hand the rule governing short-trump hands would not apply. See for yourself what would have happened if South had recognized the need for breaking a habit.

After winning the club ace in dummy, declarer should immediately lead another club and trump it. He cashes the spade ace and leads a spade to dummy's jack. Next he leads dummy's last club and ruffs it with his spade queen. And on this very trick, unless East gets rid of his trump, he must leave one of the red suits unprotected.

Dummy gets in again with the ace of diamonds to lead a third trump, on which South discards a heart. Next comes a lead to South's diamond king and a diamond ruff in dummy. Now, no matter how he has played earlier, East will have to unguard diamonds, making South's last diamond good, or give up heart protection, letting South cash in all four hearts.

EXTRA TRICK

Be forewarned by your opponents' bidding. What they say may amount to good evidence that the time has come for you to break old, ordinary rules. **END**

Vermont's phenomenal snow man

Walter Schoenknecht has parlayed a rope tow and a chicken coop into a vast and gaudy ski empire called Mt. Snow



WELL-POD BY PAST SUCCESS, SCHOENKNECHT HAS HUNGRY EYE ON FUTURE

On Oct. 2, 1946, a date he is prepared to equate with Oct. 12, 1492, Walter Robert Schoenknecht (pronounced *Schoen-knecht*) hopped a barbed-wire fence and half ran, half floundered to the summit of a snow-crowned mountain in southern Vermont. "I stood at the top of that mountain—Mt. Pisgah they called her then—and I looked all around me," Schoenknecht says richly, savoring the historical moment. "I looked down at the snow at my feet—October snow 18 inches deep. I looked out over that broad and beautiful valley falling away below me. And most of all I looked far off into the future. And there, just waiting for me, I saw the ski resort of my dreams: it would be the largest in the world, it would be second to none, it would be absolutely fabulous."

Nowadays when Walt Schoenknecht ascends to the summit of Mt. Pisgah, which, with the blessing of a Madison Avenue friend, he has renamed Mt. Snow, he rides a quarter-million-dollar double chair lift ("one of the longest in the world"), and what he sees below him is no Vision of Tomorrow. He sees instead, starkly as he intended, a pulsing, throbbing, commercial empire which is, by count

of customers (up to 11,600 a day), the largest ski resort in the world; which is, by any other count, second to none, for there is none other like it; and which is, if not absolutely fabulous, bordering on fantastic.

Uncanny knack

To Schoenknecht, a tall, slope-shouldered man with a frantic look on his face, none of this seems surprising. Extraordinarily extroverted, fully convinced of his own worth, and not beyond admitting it to friend or stranger, he does not marvel at his success but takes it as his due. "In the ski business I admire myself above all others," he says heartily. "I've skied nearly all my life and I've promoted ski areas for 15 years of my life. I've got an uncanny knack for sensing what skiers want and the imagination and resolute drive to produce it."

What skiers want by Schoenknecht's measure is not only a sufficiency of trails easily accessible by lifts and tows, but also the extras most other resort operators deny them; specifically: a heated outdoor swimming pool, a heated indoor ice rink, block-long cafeterias with block-long lines, walk-in fireplace,

a resort-wear shop with a \$160,000 inventory, ski lectures, Hollywood movies in the base lodge, dog-sled rides, dances, cheese-fondue parties on Wednesday and church services on Sunday. "I also know," says Schoenknecht, "that a skier won't let you stand still, that you must provide something new, something tremendously exciting every year to get him back." To that end, Schoenknecht peers into the future again, and with eyes watering, reels off the details of expanding Mt. Snow almost three times beyond its present size, until it includes a four-story motel, a 12-story hotel, an amphitheater beside a man-made lake, an Alpine village and lifts and trails beyond number. He also schemes of a summer-activity program featuring everything from Bavarian tea dances to headless water skiing. Pulling the whole together in one tidy package will be an "unbelievable" aerial tramway seven miles long.

The shape of the future may be large and beautiful to Walter Schoenknecht; but among his detractors, there exists an even stronger conviction that Mt. Snow and its proprietor are already too much. "Go to Mt. Snow," says one of the less charitable

critic, "and meet the Abominable Snowman." "See his Disneyland and Coney Island of the Snow Belt," says another. Says Walt Schoenknecht with a smile as cold as a Mt. Snow's tip: "When competitors hear my name they shudder, and I'm not surprised. History is in the making here, for when it comes to developing a vacation spot second to none, Schoenknecht is second to none."

Presumably, the last time Schoenknecht was second to anybody was that day 41 years ago when he was born in New Haven, Conn., the second child (but first son) of Henry and Meta Schoenknecht. His first pair of sick came 10 years later, and no sooner had he graduated beyond the slopes of a neighborhood golf course than he became a critic of the facilities available (or, more usually, not available) to dedicated skiers like himself. "There was simply no one around then astute enough to guess what was happening to the sport," says Schoenknecht. He means there was no Schoenknecht.

Private's dream

After high school, Schoenknecht helped organize the first sizable ski club in New Haven and became its tour director with the responsibility of finding new and better areas for the club's outings. His overriding fret, Schoenknecht remembers, was that if he were in the ski business, things would be a lot better for skiers.

"But by now war clouds were gathering and the handwriting was on the wall," Schoenknecht says, utilizing two of the many clichés that flavor his speech. The young man got the message and went to work for an aircraft factory. Later he was obliged, he says, "to move heaven and earth" to get out of his essential job and into the Marines. In that career he principally distinguished himself by organizing a ski club in Florida: "We didn't go skiing, exactly; we just thought about it." Transferred to Washington, D.C., Schoenknecht did go skiing (driving time: 33 hours, skiing time: 8 hours), was eventually broken from corporal to private for being consistently late returning. But his plans for the future were taking shape, and Schoenknecht already knew he wanted to build a ski resort someday "that would be perfection in every detail." He had just been separated from the service and had

continued

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GIVES YOU
THAT NEAT
LETTERMAN
LOOK

Cool, comfortable, well groomed . . . that's the Letterman Look of "Dacron" polyester fiber. "Dacron" makes slacks hold their press, resist wrinkles, wear longer . . . makes you look great, feel great. This spring, get that Letterman Look of "Dacron".



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

METRO

tailors the handsome slacks shown in many smart new patterns and shades. About \$5.00 at fine stores everywhere.

just married Peggy Moss of New Haven when he chanced upon the sleeping face of Mt. Piagah.

Screens in the night

Though Schoenknecht, in the manner of great men, sometimes deprecates himself as "a real weird crackpot," he has built his business with cool care. Short of both capital and experience necessary to develop Piagah in 1946, he and his bride leased a small ski area near Pittsfield, Mass. While Peggy kept house in a converted chicken coop, Walt ran the area, which consisted of a rope tow and three undernourished trails, one of which plummeted toward a barbed-wire fence that the owner would not move. The weather—and business—that first winter were terrible, and he gave up the lease. But, as Schoenknecht likes to remind one, "skiing can be feast or famine, depending on the beaks." Convinced he could help the beaks fall his way, Schoenknecht next manipulated the lease of state-owned lands (\$100 a year for 500 acres) in northwestern Connecticut near Cornwall. While wise old bankers clutched their money and laughed themselves silly, he spent \$80,000 of his family's money clearing trails and building tows in the heart of skiing's tropical zone. After the first season succeeded with natural snow and the second failed without it, Schoenknecht and three engineering friends spent the following summer developing an artificial snow-making apparatus that mixed water and air piped to the trails under pressure. Early experiments with the nozzle produced some bizarre results. The first model, put to a test at 3 a.m. one cold November night, emitted such a fearful scream that the Cornwall fire department motored out to investigate. Modified, the nozzle was tested again a few nights later. And while to the human ear it made no more noise than a lawn sprinkler, an ultrasonic whistle set to barking every dog for miles around. But it made snow, and then it made money. The wise old bankers poked up their ears too.

One day in 1963 Schoenknecht drove again to Mt. Piagah, took another admiring turn around the grounds and presented himself at the front door of the owner's farmhouse. Schoenknecht outlined his proposal

briefly ("You've got to go easy with those Vermonters"), and the price agreed upon for 500 acres was \$15,000. In those days the land was so little regarded that the tax assessor's appraisal was a mere \$1,500. Today Mt. Snow's real estate tax alone exceeds \$15,000. Schoenknecht's investments total around \$5 million, and shareholders in the Mt. Snow Development Corp. will possibly receive a modest dividend some time next year. The dividend might have been paid this year except for New England's hot-and-cold running winter that, before a storm last week, had forced a temporary shutdown of some resorts. Typically, Mt. Snow stayed open through the worst of it, with Schoenknecht, ankle-deep in slush, still proclaiming he was in "a miracle belt of snow, with the best skiing anywhere around." Says Winston Lauder, Mt. Snow's general manager: "I've never even heard of a ski resort paying a dividend. That we may be able to do it after only seven seasons speaks for itself."

The language of the dividend will be well understood by the once-reluctant financiers. For 10% of the assets of nine New England and New York state banks are propping up the mountain. Banks are so deeply involved in the resort, indeed, that the president of Brattleboro's Vermont National and Savings Bank recently commissioned an artist to portray Mt. Snow in oils. When finished, the picture will occupy a prominent area in the bank's board room and, says Schoenknecht, "They'll always have that, no matter what." But if the banks provided a good-sized chunk of the operating capital for Mt. Snow, Schoenknecht has supplied about everything else.

He has studied architecture (by correspondence), and the design of the buildings at Mt. Snow are his. The style, he says, is Schoenknecht-Swiss—splattered liberally with Howard Johnson orange—and "by doing it myself I save money and feed my ego at the same time."

A system of double chair lifts, supported by motorail trucks is his design, and he claims it to be the fastest yet devised. He takes pride in his lifts, but he complains about the clattering noise they make, thus joining a chorus of hundreds of other skiers, who have christened the original chair "The Lift Designed by a Deaf En-



SKIERS-SWIMMERS soak in heated pool, one of Schoenknecht's "little extras."

gineer." The idea and execution of the heated outdoor pool is also his. And while he admits it will never pay for itself, he counts it a most valuable asset, "crowd-drawingsize." One reason the kidney-shaped pool cannot be made to pay is that its heating plant consumes 6,000 gallons of fuel oil every week, enough to heat 100 five-room houses, and enough to prompt Standard Oil to feature the pool in five of its company publications.

Finally—and this dismayes conservative members of his board of directors—60% of the corporation's stock is either his or his family's. Without his control it is unlikely Mt. Snow would be the eeriest place it is today, even more unlikely that its fate, as Schoenknecht sees it, would ever be realized. "The new motel, for instance," he rhapsodizes, "is going to be really weird. It will have a trampolene in the lobby next to a 140° Japanese bath with a little Japanese girl scrubbing people's backs. Soon as we get that going, we'll start on a 12-story hotel next door. That will have a bowling alley in the basement, an eight-foot flame and a waterfall in the lobby, a real mountain stream running through the middle of the

dining room and a tropical garden in the corner."

Summer guests of these two establishments who weary of the frenzy on the inside can step outside to a 13-acre lake, Schoenknecht-made this past summer. There, they may take their pick of the Passion play ("on a par with Oberammergau and has office second to none"), the symphony orchestra or the ballet company. Or, perhaps, they may choose a turn on water skis drawn around the lake by an overhead trolley. Surmounting all will be a 350-foot-high fountain, which in winter will build itself into a 350-foot icicle. "You can believe it or not," says Schoenknecht. "Of course, these are merely representative of my ideas, some others of which are a little screwball. And, of course, we'll be careful as we go to avoid the Miami Beach look. I really detest Miami Beach."

Spa to the Future

At the rate Schoenknecht promises to spend and grow, he will not get rich quick. But, as he says, that is the furthest thing from his mind. "If it were money I was after, I'd never be here in the first place," he says, and proves it fairly well by paying himself only \$5,000 annually as president and chairman of the board.

On the other hand, Schoenknecht is not really sure what he does want. "Mostly I'm indulging an overactive creative urge," he says. "If I were not able to plan, to imagine, to construct, I'd wither up. All I really want to do is make Mt. Snow the last word in a resort. The ski boom is on now, suddenly all kinds of people want to ski for pure pleasure. Mt. Snow is going to grow with the crowd. And, one day, it will also be a year-round resort with nothing but fun for everybody, for 40,000 people every day. Even then there'll be no crowding. The atmosphere will be intimate and warm. Prerogative plus people, that's what it will be."

And where will it all end? "It will end in about 25 years from now," says Schoenknecht, dizzy with the prospect. "By then we figure we'll have poured about \$75 million into this place, and that will be the time to start tearing down. We'll tear it down and we'll start over. Everything will be brand-new again. It'll be weird and tremendous and second to none. It will be absolutely fabulous." **END**

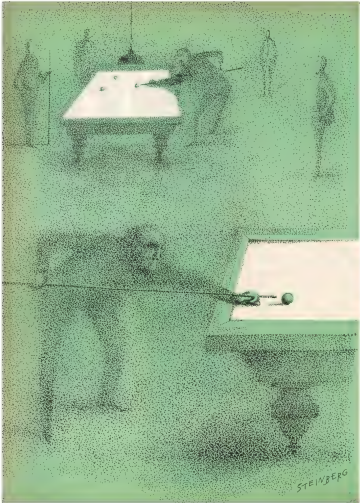


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STEINBERG

THE POOL HUSTLERS

by JACK OLSEN

"Ladies look're coming from eyes to a cigarette can don't wait to acknowledge or you are not aware of the evidence of disaster indicated by the presence of a pool table in your community. . . . Ya got trouble, my friend. . . . And the next thing you know your son is playin' for money in a peach-back suit. . . . They guess with the fifteen numbered balls is the Devil's tool."

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They call themselves things like New York Fats, Moogie Beanie from Baltimore, Cornhusker Red, the Tagg, the Hawk, Ray Eye, Tugboat Whale, Cowboy Weston, Wimpy, Mexican Eddie, Bignose Robert and Rotation Slim. They hate to give out their real names, and they loathe publicity. They live in a subterranean world of stealth and anonymity, shadows and half-tones, tricks and deceptions. They are pool hustlers, and the aim of their calling, as one of them put it recently, is "to lift people up by their pockets."

It is fundamental in the pool-hustling trade to go to the men's room when somebody pulls out a camera. "If people find out my name and what I look like," says a hustler, "I won't be able to get no more action." The hustler usually poses as just another amateur player doing the best he can. He stogees from one town to another, hustling the locals into games for larger and larger stakes, then blows town fast as soon as he has made his killing, not to return until his name and his face and his stroke are forgotten and the whole routine can be repeated, maybe three or four years later, with a new set of suckers.

Far more than the Willy Lomans, the hustler lives on a cradle and a shoeshine. He contributes nothing to the gross national product. He performs no social services. He isn't

even counted in the census. He stands just above the pick-pocket on the ladder of social prestige. And yet he is a man of consummate skills. He not only must be a good pool player, but he must be able to shade his game to barely win on almost all levels and still make it look as if he is always doing his best. Otherwise the hustle is over before it begins. He must be a method actor and a psychologist, a salesman and a liar. His contemptuous remarks must be calculated to goad the "mark" into making foolish bets, but they must not insult the mark right off the premises. The hustler might simply say, "Well, I thought I was playing with a sport." Or, "No guts, eh?" Or, "Wayn't you got your money where your mouth is?"

At a last desperate move, the hustler may sometimes even admit that he is better than anybody around. Usually there will be someone who cannot stand such braggadocio and will challenge the hustler to "one little game" for the honor of the home turf. Such "honor" is bought dearly. A master hustler can walk into a strange pool hall and be spotted immediately by everybody in attendance as a hustler, an out-and-out hustler and nothing but a hustler; everybody will back away from him in horror; nobody will play him or talk to him; and two days later he will leave with all the money on the premises and several postdated checks.

The world of the hustler is as different from the wholesome American norm as the Mindarao Deep is from Lake Erie. Walk in here, now, and see, up these squeaky wooden stairs and around this corner, and here it is, the pool hall, in all its aging, anachronistic splendor, not much different from what it was when Shakespeare was having his characters say, "Let us to billiards," and Van Gogh was painting pictures of pool halls in brilliant reds and greens. There are the same old men sitting along the wall, looking out of vacant eyes through steel-rimmed glasses, wearing ill-fitting double-breasted coats and nonmatching pants rolled up twice at the cuffs, the whole outfit purchased "out of pawn." Old men sucking on pipes

—continued

and rugged cigars. Hustlers call them "poolroom detectives," because they stay at their posts day and night and soon learn everything that is going on: what hustler is in town, who made how much from whom, who is off his stroke. Poolroom detectives know all. Scattered among them here and there, noxious weeds among harmless weeds, are young sharps in corduroy coats and dark-colored shirts and sunglasses, all the better to case the room and ferret out the known and potential marks. The business of these young men is arranging matches and hustles, and they are called "bird dogs." They know who is ripe to be taken, who has "an X on his back." Poolroom detectives get nothing but entertainment; bird dogs get a piece of the action. And the only sound is the gentle click of the balls, the squeaking of a cue tip as it takes chalk, and the hiss of a cigarette butt as it hits the brass cuspidor.

Now, the idea of a young man going out into the world with nothing but an extra shirt, a sharp tongue and a pool cue to scratch out a living in places like these strikes some sort of responsive and admiring chord in the financier and the day laborer alike. He is David and Goliath, Robin Hood and Roger Toubey all rolled into one. Look at him. Here he comes now, that fascinating ogre, with the trace of a sardonic smile on his lips. He just climbed out of a roomette on the *Sager Chief*, but when he is asked he'll have a story ready about how he was up all night riding the rods from Newton, Karn., and how he's down on his luck, and would anybody like to shoot a little game of one-pocket for a quarter, just a quarter, because that's all he can afford? So the game will start, and the hustler will lose, and lose again, and tomorrow he'll lose at a dollar a game, and the next day he'll get old Mr. Thomas, the investment broker, into a straight pool game to 150 for \$3 a ball, and what? That hustler'll run out on his first turn while old Mr. Thomas stands there helplessly and a little crowd gathers and the hustler will take his \$750 and disappear into the men's room and never come back. This sentimental life holds a snake-charm appeal for all of us, and that is why the pool hustler will always have his gabies lined up for him, because deep down every pool-playing American man feels that he has the stroke of a champion, and, given enough practice, could have hustled Ralph Greenleaf, let alone that bum that just got into town from Kansas City and hasn't even got a clean shirt.

This pride is one's own stroke is a secret weapon of the man who hustles you. That's why he begins by insulting you, knocking your style, goading you with the classical hustler's remark: "You better make this shot, or it's Katy bar the door," meaning he'll make all the remaining balls on his turn. Hurt pride makes you bear down and miss, and you find out he was right—it's Katy bar the door, and now you're madder than ever and ready to double the bet and be bad.

There are more full-time pool hustlers than golf hustlers or tennis hustlers because there is no other way to make money out of billiards talent. The world's champion three-cushion player, Harold Worst of Grand Rapids, Mich., makes his living selling children's shoes; his international crown is worth

only a few thousand dollars a year in exhibitions and fees. Contrast this with the \$75,000-a-year Pancho Gonzales makes as tennis champ, or the \$80,968 Arnold Palmer made in 1960 on the golf circuit. In pool you have to hustle to make money, and to hustle you have to stay out of the limelight or nobody will play you. Worst found this out the hard way. Although never a full-time hustler, he had made a few trips around the country as a knight of the cue, and he could always get a game and make a buck. But after he won the world championship in Buenos Aires in 1954, Worst found himself *perrore non grata* in the same pool halls where he used to play for fat stakes. Some even had his picture on the wall, lacking only a number. "It really hit home to me," Worst recalls, "one night in San Francisco. I had a guy ready to play me snooker for \$40 a game. He's walking to the wall to get a cue and just then an old friend of mine holds the whole length of the pool hall, 'Hey, Worst, how'd you come out at that international championship?' I hobbled back, 'I won, you jerk!' That hustler who was gonna play me \$40 a game just walked right past the rack and out the door."

Watching one hustler hustle another hustler is one of the great adventures of spectatorship. First come the exploratory games for small stakes, with each hustler intentionally missing easy shots, scratching off and complaining that it is just not his day, his stomach is bothering him, his glasses need changing, he has a lot of personal problems on his mind, the light is bad and the table "wells off" to the left. Once the big bet is made, however, either hustler is likely to run out on a single turn, and all personal disorders are left behind.

There are some hustlers who are so good that they will not hesitate for a second to challenge three-cushion champ Worst or pocket champ Willie Mosconi of Hudson Heights, N.J. Usually these brave hustlers come out second best. But not always. Just after Worst won the championship, a whole school of pool sharks swam into his home town of Grand Rapids to hustle him. "One guy came into the pool hall wearing a Gulf Oil uniform," says Worst, "and told me he had a station on the other side of town. He said he wouldn't mind a little nine-ball for \$20 a game. It was fantastic. He'd break the balls and then make them all. Then he'd break the next rack and run out again. I looked at his hands and they looked awful smooth and I said, 'They must be making tips smoother these days.' By that time he had \$200 of my money, so he just laid down his cue and said, 'Anybody can buy one of these uniforms,' and he walked out."

Worst got sweet revenge on a Canadian hustler named Frenchy who went into Grand Rapids and beat the world champion 14 straight games of nine-ball at \$2 a game. Frenchy evidently reckoned he was on to a good thing and returned to the pool hall two weeks later with a real grubstake: a sack containing \$300 in coins. They agreed to play for \$10 a game, and Worst began one of the most phenomenal runs in the history of the game. He would break the balls and make them all in one quick turn. He won over and over again while Frenchy counted out silver. "It would take me 45 seconds to win the game and him 10 minutes to count out the \$10," Worst remembers fondly. "He'd still be counting out the \$10 when I would break and make all the balls again, and he'd have to start counting all over. I won all his money and then

I had to play him for the sack so I could get it all home."

There is no joy greater for Worst, a cool, bland competitor, than hustling a hustler, especially when the hustler has no idea of his identity. In 1951, when Worst was 23 and the world's fourth-ranking billiards player, he was sent to Seattle by the Army. One night he won a small amount of money shooting pockets with a hustler, and then the man suggested they play a little three-cushion billiards. Worst knew that the man was the best three-cushion player in the Northwest. "He walked me to the billiards table," Worst says, "and I said, 'Hey, what's this?' I said, 'Look at that. There's no pockets!' He explained the game to me and showed me some shots. Then we made a big bet and I beat him 25-3 in 17 innings. So then they brought in another hustler, this one from Alaska, to handle me, and I made a big killing on him. In all, I won \$2,700 in five weeks. I lived in a \$200-a-month apartment with glass walls and everything, just off those hustlers. Then I went to Japan, and on the way I was robbed for every cent I had. So I got a \$40 advance on my pay and in three weeks at Camp Drake in Japan I made \$1,800 on the pool table. Guys were lined up to play me, and new ones were coming in every hour. They just couldn't believe I was as good as I was."

Worst, out of context, may sound like a Nonhard: in fact, he is a mild young man who has a precise evaluation of himself and does not hesitate to express or discuss it. He is equally aware of his limitations. There are, for example, certain hustlers he will not play, because they are superspecialists in their own games, and too good for him. One is Rags Fitzpatrick, who trawls out of Washington, D.C. Rags once hustled a man out of title to a restaurant, and is regarded by those on the inside as the world's champion exponent of the peculiar hustler's game known as one-pocket. Another is a Negro known as Detroit Sam, whose specialty is a game called banks, wherein all balls have to be banked into the pockets. Still another is Don Wiles of Cleveland, regarded by Worst as the best nine-ball player in the world. Combrad Red, a young hustler of about 23, is on the verge of becoming as good as Worst in the game of eight-ball. "He sent an emissary saying he'd wait for me in Periwinkle for a little \$25 eight-ball," Worst says, "and I suppose I'll play him some when the snow melts a little."

There is no other sport in which you will find this constancy of shadowy superstars, all of them known only to one another, and all of them slinking about from place to place talking some nerve, pretending they are somebody else, and insisting that they are really not very good. They are evasive players like Tommy Huston, who in another era made a million dollars hustling by using a different name in every town, playing down his talents, and never visiting the same place twice. Another well-to-do hustler was Major White, who is described by one of his peers: "The major—I don't know where he got that name. He was never even in Coney's Army. He used to travel in bib overalls and an old straw hat. To make it look extra good, he'd take a straw out of that hat and put it in his mouth and come hoosiering in to the pool hall asking them to explain the game to him. They'd start off playing for a drink, and the major would

continued

THE HUSTLERS' GAMES



Among the favorite games of the pool hustlers are one-pocket, eight-ball and nine-ball. In one-pocket, all 15 balls are used. Each player selects one corner pocket at the foot of the table as his, and he must sink all his shots there. The first to sink eight of the 15 balls wins. In eight-ball, all 15 balls also are used and each player decides whether he will shoot for the low balls (numbered one to seven) or the high balls (nine through 15). Not until he has pocketed his group of seven balls is a player eligible to shoot for the eight ball, and then he must score the pocket in which that ball will fall. The first player to sink the eight ball wins. In nine-ball, only the first nine (numbered one through nine) are used, and they are racked with the one ball in the point of a diamond and the nine ball in the center. Rotation rules apply. The object is to sink the nine ball, and this can be done at any time in combination with another ball. The first to pocket the nine ball wins. In eight-ball and nine-ball there may be either two players or four players, two to a side. In one-pocket there are only two players.

leave with every nickel in the joint plus the cash register."

Joe Sebastian was a hustler who always played in a plain black business suit and almost always won. But Sebastian suffered from a touch of overconfidence. One night he challenged Willie Mosconi to some nine-ball for money. Now, Willie Mosconi is the recognized champion of straight pocket billiards, but nine-ball has its subtleties and nuances, and Joe Sebastian knew them all. Besides, Sebastian had a backer; it was

would be considered a nice old guy until he would run 100 balls off the break and disappear with the money.

The most famous hustler of all was a man who went under the name of Titanic Slim Thompson. Titanic hustled anything and anybody. When he had exhausted the pool-table possibilities with a mark, Titanic would wait the man outside and lay him 53 to 52 that the sparrow on the left, over there, would fly away before the sparrow on the right. What the mark didn't know was that Titanic had read everything there was to read about sparrows, could tell a male

fright into the hearts of present-day hustlers is Jack Foreaker of Detroit. Foreaker is one of the few players who hustle three-cushion billiards, a game of trapezoids and parallelograms so complicated that it is not even attempted by the average pocket player. Legend—and Foreaker—have it that he once made a standing offer to play the brilliant Willie Hoppe for \$10,000 and Hoppe would not take him up on it. Nor could Foreaker get satisfaction in the regular tournaments, since he was barred from official matches because of some misadventures in his past. This reduced Foreaker to hustling, at which he became such a name that hardly anyone would play him and he was forced to offer huge handicaps or play left-handed. Harold Went remembers Foreaker well. "When I was 17, a sponsor took me to a three-cushion match in Chicago just for the experience. He gave me \$50 side money and told me to play with it, but not to play a guy named Foreaker because I had no chance against him and neither did anybody else. So I walk into Bessinger's pool hall and a guy walks right up to me and says, 'You want to play?' I said, 'I'll play you three-cushion for \$25.' He says, 'O.K., I'll play you 25 points—13 points left-handed and 12 points right-handed.' Well, I had just got through playing left-handed for eight months so it hit me just right. He walked over to the rack to get a cue, and I was standing there waiting for him and a guy came strolling right past me—a real poolroom detective—and without breaking stride or changing his expression he said out of the corner of his mouth, 'Foreaker!' And he kept right on walking by. So I ducked out. At that time Foreaker was the greatest left-handed right-hander in the game. He would have slaughtered me."



Charles McGontry doesn't regret his bet.



World Champ Willie Mosconi is too famous to hustle.

not his money. Mosconi won the bag and broke the balls. Before Sebastian had even picked up his cue, Mosconi ran the table and pocketed the nine-ball and the bet. Winner breaks in nine-ball; Mosconi broke and ran the balls again. He performed this feat 11 times in a row, taking Sebastian's backer for a total of \$100. The unconcerned Sebastian told the backer to bet another \$300 on him. The backer warned him, "Joe, I think we oughta pull up."

"Pull up?" said Sebastian. "Why, you ain't seen what I can do yet."

West Coast hustlers—and victims—still talk about Tugboat Whiskey, who used to wear a greasy old hat and explain that he was just a retired tugboat skipper looking for a friendly little game. All he had ever skipped was a pool cue, but the dodge worked, and Tugboat

from a female and knew that the males almost always flew away first. Once Titanic bet a bunch of the boys that he could throw a pumpkin over the Connor Hotel in Joplin, Mo. He showed up with a baby pumpkin the size of a baseball and won the bet. He liked to play license numbers, betting with a mark on whether the next one to come along would be odd or even, and one night in Chicago he hired 25 cars and drivers to come along Randolph Street in a predetermined order, a gambit that crumbled him to relieve a particularly wealthy mark of several large bills. When hustlers talk about Titanic Slim their voices drop to a respectful tone, like Sammy Davis talking about Frank Sinatra. Titanic was the best all-round hustler in history, as even he will admit today at his home in Tucson.

But the name that strikes genuine

Foreaker's and West's long hours of left-handed practice are characteristic of what the best players have to go through; they have to play lefty to get matches, and many become so good from the left side that they even find these games difficult to get. Almost all hustlers can shoot a good game left-handed or one-handed ("jack-up"), and they often give themselves away by offering to play "just one more game, and this time I'll shoot left-handed."

For that matter, there are many other tip-offs. The hustler won't want to shoot straight call-shot pool for 50 or 100 points because the action is too slow; he will want to play nine-ball or one-pocket or eight-ball or banks, all games which can be won literally in seconds. If you show signs of having had enough, the hustler will begin offering you handicaps, at the same time telling you what a yellowbelly you are for requiring a handicap. At a last resort, he will bet you on certain trick or "proposition" shots, all of which are old stuff to him.

Beware of the setup where two balls are placed just on the lip of each pocket and three balls are frozen together in the center of the table. It will take you, the average player, 25 or 30 shots to make all the balls; the hustler will never take more than 16, and the setup can be made in nine strokes and often is. A favorite hustler's trick shot is to make five balls in a side pocket and drop the cue ball in the opposite pocket, all on one stroke, or to make six balls in six different pockets on one stroke, or to make the one, two and three balls drop into the pockets in exact order, followed by the cue ball, on one stroke. Hustlers practice these shots for years and usually save them for a last crack at the victim—one grand final double-or-nothing, winner-take-all gipstick.

And sometimes you lose even when you win. A hustler's money is hard money, like Swiss francs, and he is extremely loth to part with it. A Kansas City hustler recalls: "Once in Salt Lake City I walked into a hustler named Jimmy Smith and we began playing nine-ball for money. I won about 10 games, and he said, 'I gotta catch a train from you.' All the time we were playing I had noticed that he was making hand signals to a deaf-mute sitting against the wall. Around 11 that night I left the joint. All I had won was \$35 or \$40, but it was a hustler's \$35 or \$40, and that's dangerous. I had to walk through a dark hallway, and there was that deaf-mute, waiting for me with a blackjack. I grabbed his arm just as he was getting ready to let me have it, and he ran away in the darkness. But can you imagine what hustling is coming to, when they have to do things like that?"

What is hustling coming to? The subject is expertly and affectionately ex-

continued



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THE POOL HUSTLERS *continued*

arrived by Darryl McGoorty, Pacific Coast three-cushion champion and one-time traveling hustler: "The real oldtime hustler, the guy who did absolutely nothing else for a living, is having a tough time of it these days. He has to stay on the road 365 days a year. A real good traveling hustler lights in a town like San Francisco and he's only good for 10 days at the most before the games he makes get too tough; he has to give away too many points because little by little they've gotten wise to him. And then there's a lot of hustlers who can't come into the big cities at all because the cops take the position that a professional pool player is guilty of booze if he hustles you into a game for money. So a lot of oldtime hustlers have had to come up with new gaffs—they've had to become dice hustlers or race track touts or something like that, and it goes against their pride. The real oldtime hustler, he was a professional. He had to be able to let his hair grow down the back of his neck, and he had to know how to go without a place to sleep and how to postpone meals. He had to hold onto his jaw [grubstake] at all costs, because if he came to a strange town without his jaw, he had to show his stuff right off in his first game, and this gave it away. You have to work the old limerade, lead 'em on, maybe play a little hot-how [a game for fun], and then make your money slow and easy."

McGoorty came out of Chicago, hustled as a young man during the Depression, then became a full-time tournament player and a highly respected teacher. He remembers when "there

used to be 100 full-time hustlers in the Chicago Loop alone."

Each spring the hustlers all migrate to Hot Springs, Ark. for the Oaklawn races, there to engage in a happy orgy of hustling and counterhustling for old time's sake. There's not much money in it, except that occasionally a well-heeled mark will drop in with daily-double winnings on him, and the hustlers will pounce on him like a school of pinfishes defishing a cow in the Amazon. The only other money to be made at the Hot Springs convocation is in "damp" action, where two hustlers will play each other and throw games or miss easy shots according to the signal of a confederate who is making side bets with a mark in the audience. "That," says McGoorty contemptuously, "is a disgusting thing for hustlers to engage in."

Sitting in his walk-up furnished apartment in San Francisco, McGoorty is not so sure that his years as a hustler were well spent, but his eyes light up and his voice grows louder as he recalls some of his happier experiences. He leans forward excitedly as he tells the one story which, to him, epitomizes the mental processes of these billiard buccanniers, past and present, himself included:

"One night I climbed off a side-door Pullman—that's the rods—and I had the gun of a burglar in those days. It was in El Dorado, Kansas, and it's midnight and I go right straight to the pool hall and I don't have a dime. I said, 'Does anybody care for a game for a few dollars?' They woke up the town barber. He was the country slicker there, the resident hustler; he had been robbing everybody blind on the pool table for years, only I didn't know it.

"So we started playing for \$2.50, and



the town clown—that's the constable—came over and started boring a hole through me with his eyes and I thought, 'Boy, if I live I'll sure get rode outa town on a rail.' So I got back fever; I can't make a ball, and soon he's got me 43—Band the game is only 30 points.

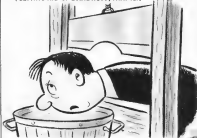
"So I laid my cue down and excused myself and went into the Dapper Dan—that's the men's room—and I'm looking for a window. But it was all barred, I said to myself, 'You little idiot, you finally got caught.' So I went out and started stalling, trying to slow him down. This bothered him a little, and then I left the cue ball on the end rail where he had to take deliberate scratches, which cost you a penalty of 2 each time, and he lost a full rack of balls that way. And believe it or not, I just eked him out 50-48 or something close like that and what do you think happens? The people walk me around on their shoulders, they hate this barber so much, and they've never seen him beat.

"So the owner came over and said, 'Kid, do you know any trick shots?' So I set up the old scenic railway shot with the cues on the table and a few others and then they passed the hat and I got another 53. What a night! Then a young fellow in the crowd came up to me and said why don't I stay with him and his family for a few days, rest up and swim and fish and stuff. So I go out there and I'm there a week and one night at the dinner table the father, he had taken a liking to me, he says, 'Well, Dan, I got you all set up. I got you a job with the Sinclair Oil Company starting in the morning.'

"So you want to know how the mind of a handler works? Well, I'll tell you. At 6 o'clock the next morning I was on a freight train headed for Amarillo." **END**

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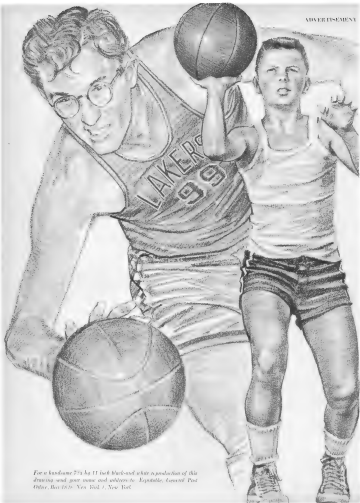


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WHERE ARE THE GEORGE MIKANS OF TOMORROW?

Drawing by **ROBERT RIGER**

At 14 George Mikan broke both bones in his right leg, just above the ankle. They said he'd never play basketball again.

A few years later the boy who'd "never play again" led De Paul's Blue Demons to victory after victory, making them one of the nation's top teams. In his professional career he broke about every record on the books, was even elected "Mr. Basketball of the First Half Century."

How did "Mike" Mikan do it? By hard work and will power. The same way that boy after boy has made the team. The same way that made America strong and fit.

Our national leaders recognize the importance of physical fitness at this time in history. They have endorsed the principle that if America is to meet the challenges which face it today, we cannot afford to

allow our physical vigor to decline. They have recognized the fitness of our children and of our young people as the responsibility of all of us.

Helping to promote physical fitness is also recognized by Equitable as part of its responsibility to the nation. So is helping to preserve the home and family, where fitness begins. So is helping parents make sure their children will finish school, even go to college, where fitness is so importantly developed.

In fact, Equitable's primary responsibility is in helping a father cover his own circle of responsibility with Living Insurance. For complete details, call The Man from Equitable. Equitable's nearly ten thousand agents are ready to serve you and your family anywhere in the United States. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, 393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, New York. ©1961



Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay — Inaugurating Island at the Sea

Smashing new sport—turtle racing on Cotton Cay

From the above photograph, it looks like Father's turtle is winning two to one. Still one can never be sure about turtles...

According to Goodwife Pepperell though (who loves the lazy life of a civilized beachcomber!) there is one thing she is sure of. And that's insisting her family's sportswear be tagged Pepperell.

Why? She knows these fabrics will live up to what the tag promises. They will machine-wash.



Won't fade, shrink, or wrinkle. Need the sweet touch of the iron. And are "Sanforized Plus" too.

Moreover, she knows the island-inspired colors and textures are rather remarkable, combining sophisticated flair with restrained good taste.

Lastly, she has complete confidence in Pepperell wash-wear fabrics. For they come from the famed New England company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for over 100 years!



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(Only new-size wagon balanced, sprung and powered to move like a big one!)

Wide seats (58¼" in front, 58¼" in rear). 44 inches of legroom in front—37½ inches in the back. Even the middle man can stretch his legs. The big front floor hump is gone—the rear tunnel is low. Chalk this benefit up to the rear transmission.

Front engine/rear transmission puts equal weight on front and rear wheels. Wagons need that balance. Full load or solo driver, the back end of this one takes a solid grip on the road. Doesn't skip or jounce.

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CAR OF THE YEAR



Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

It was all over for most of the nation's major college teams, but for those that had made it to the postseason tournaments it was really just beginning.

The NCAA, after waiting patiently for conference races to be decided, filled out its field with Kentucky (18-5), Loyola (19-6), Utah (21-6), Xavier (17-9), Morehead State (18-39), Arizona State (21-5), Seattle (18-7) and Oregon (15-11), and prepared to open its traveling road show in New York, Louisville, Houston and Portland.

The embattled NIT, although shaken by Bradley's totally unexpected decision not to defend its title, regrouped quickly, replaced the reluctant Braves with St. Louis (18-5), and seeded Skyline runner-up Colorado State U. (17-8), Dayton (19-7), Memphis State (20-3) and Niagara (16-4) for the tournament, which begins Thursday in New York's Madison Square Garden. However, the favorites were far from a shoo-in even in the early rounds. They faced serious competition from DePaul (17-7), Providence (20-5), Detroit (18-8), Army (17-6), Miami (19-6), Temple (19-7), Holy Cross (18-4) and St. Louis.

Meanwhile, the small colleges were already involved in their own postseason affairs. Favored Prairie View and Southern Illinois fell, but Santa Fe, Mount St. Mary's (Md.), Williams, Wake Forest, Chicago, Southeast Missouri, South Dakota State and California (at Santa Barbara) survived regional playoffs and moved on to Evansville to fight it out for the NCAA small-college championship. Equally enthusiastic—and no less hopeful—were the 32 NAIA district champions which gathered in Kansas City, where they will spend the next week eliminating each other as the way to Saturday's final.

THE SOUTH

Kentucky's crusty Adolph Rupp was beaming again. Grumpy and petulant when his Wildcats all but tumbled out of the SEC race back in January, the old Baron had the last chuckle. Last week in a playoff at Knoxville for second place and an NCAA berth, Kentucky smothered Vanderbilt with a teamless defense while Larry Penhal and Roger Newman flooded the baskets with eye-catching jumpers and layups, and the Wildcats beat Vandy 88-67 for their 18th in a row. "They buried us," roared Rupp as he contemplated his 12th NCAA tourna-

ment. "We had to come back from the cemetery." Two days later, Kentucky reverted to its early-season rubstain and lost to Marquette 88-72.

The Ohio Valley finally had a champion. Morehead State squeaked past Eastern Kentucky 55-54, overtook Western Kentucky 80-72 in overtime to win a three-way playoff. The top three:

- 1. NORTH CAROLINA (24-4)
- 2. DUKE (19-4)
- 3. BOSTON (20-4)

THE EAST

"The best team I ever coached," was Coach Joe Lapchick's appraisal after his St. John's team, rebounding smartly and shooting superbly, outclassed NYU 76-64. Greatly improved Leroy Ellis and smooth Tony Jackson gave the slick Redmen the boards, then fired in 44 points between them to kill off the game Violets. St. Joseph's Jack Harney wasn't claiming the same honor for his Hawks, but they were just as impressive as their best Temple 72-62 for their 13th straight.

Princeton's shiny new Ivy title was slightly tarnished when second-place Penn, suddenly alive and competent after a struggling start, caught the Tigen with their defenses lagging, hit three with the accurate shooting of Sid Armita (23 points) and Bob Milroy (21 points) and whipped them soundly, 85-65. Three nights later, Penn surprised Villanova 82-80 on Bob Parry's two foul shots with three seconds to go. The top three:

- 1. ST. BARNABAS (20-4)
- 2. ST. JOHN'S (10-4)
- 3. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-4)

THE SOUTHWEST

Arizona State, forced into a tie for the Border Conference crown when New Mexico State beat Hardin-Simmons 55-72, took matters into its own hands in a playoff at Tempe. Led by Larry Armstrong's 24 points, the alert Sun Devils whipped the Aggies 86-72 to earn an NCAA spot. The top three:

- 1. HOUSTON (18-0)
- 2. TEXAS TECH (14-1)
- 3. ARIZONA STATE (14-0)

THE MIDWEST

Ohio State, operating with its usual patient, skillful probing, started slowly but soon had Illinois trying hard to hang on. Jerry Lucas, Mel Nowell and other talented Buckeyes ran and shot with their

expected efficiency, the Illini crumbled 56-66, and OSU became the first unbeaten Big Ten champion in 42 years.

Perhaps it didn't occur to Missouri—which seemed more intent on beating Kansas for its own satisfaction in a rough-house, howling battle at Columbia—but when the Tigers upset the Jayhawks 79-75 they clinched the Big Eight title for Kansas State. Later, K-State kept Colorado off balance with a sniping full-court press and overwhelmed the Buffs 82-65. The top three:

- 1. OHIO STATE (24-0)
- 2. CHICAGO (22-0)
- 3. KANSAS STATE (21-0)

THE WEST

Seaten off the boards, caught up in Colorado State U.'s agonizing slowdown, and trailing 44-33 with 10 minutes to go, Utah seemed a sure loser in the Skyline playoff at Provo. Then Coach Jack Gardner ordered his Redskins into a press. Flashy Guards Joe Morton and Bo Cross harassed the Rams with their ball-eating, Utah caught up at 55-51, went on to win 58-51 on Billy McGuff's dunk and Jim Rhead's two foul shots.

USC, bounding without ailing John Radomskis (who pulled a muscle while running the 440 in a gym class), lost to California 69-57, barely beat Stanford 54-53. Loyola trounced Pepperdine 82-64 to win the WCCAC title. The top three:

- 1. UTAH (20-1)
- 2. USC (20-1)
- 3. LOYOLA (19-0)



GLIDE GUARDING by Vanderbilt's Ron Griffiths is only slight hindrance to Kentucky's Newman, who drives for basket.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPLIT UP

Sirs:

Your March 6 cover is very misleading. What about spring training? What about the rookies, the new faces, the new managers and predictions for coming season? Instead of giving us useful information you write a lot of gobbledy-goop about Leo Durocher. *The Return of Leo Durocher*. I'm very mad.

BOB MACNAMARA JR.

Brooklyn

Sirs:

Getting Durocher this winter is the best move the Dodgers have made since the war that got them out of that bandbox in Brooklyn. To use Leo's all-purpose descriptive, he is one hell of a guy to have on our side.

JOHN HILLER

Anaheim, N.Y.

Sirs:

You captured some great expressions in those pictures.

DANNY SMITH

Nevada City, Calif.

HANG THE BOMBS

Sirs:

Congratulations to Niagara for keeping their effort off the Boston hanging tree (St. Rosemarie is Second Best, March 5).

DAVID ROSS

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I am well aware that Ray Cave's original purpose was to write a spread on St. Rosemarie's 1964 home game victory. It was just too bad for him that they lost. But I say give credit where credit is due. Niagara didn't win because the Bombers were tired, because their All-American, Tom Stik, had lost 18 pounds or because their defenses were lagging. We won because we broke through those so-called "impenetrable defenses" and played a better game.

St. Rosemarie didn't throw the ball away; we took it.

JOHN P. CASHOY

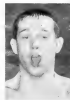
Niagara University, N.Y.

KIDPOLES

Sirs:

If you would kindly begin making the better than Mr. Thomas Yubin on Carry Back (19th Hole, March 5) is some tenderizer, I will pay the bill, because he is going to have to eat it just as he promised when Olden Times wins the Kentucky Derby.

I wonder if this fine fellow has ever heard of a nag called Swaps. Well, in case he hasn't, he better take another look,



NORTH CAROLINA'S SWIM STAR MARK, INDIANA'S STOCK AND PRINCETON'S GRAEF

for Swaps is kindlier to Olden Times. What's more, Olden Times will be ridden by Willie Shoemaker.

LEON M. JACOB

Tucson, Wash.

IN THE SWIM

Sirs:

I lost all hope when I saw the picture of Thompson Mann of the North Carolina freshmen receiving credit (Swimmers, March 6) for marks that were set three weeks before by Hatch Schimmel of SMU.

Schimmel has done 57 seconds in the 100-yard backstroke and 2:08 in the 200. (In the southwestern AAU meet he also clocked a 56.9 in the 100 and a 2:05 in the 200, but these marks do not count as freshman records.)

CASER BRATY

Dallas

Sirs:

Princeton freshman Jed Graef holds the 200-yard record, and Mann did no more than tie Graef's 100-yard mark of 57.

Swimming against the Harvard freshmen on February 18, Graef did the 200-yard backstroke in 2:04.8. Mann's time was 2:08.3. The remarkable thing about Graef's effort is that he has never been pushed. In setting the 200-yard record Graef won by more than 25 yards.

MARTIN LAPIDUS

Princeton, N.J.

Many new swim records have been set by college freshmen this year—including the three above. Perhaps the hardest to beat is Indiana freshman Tom Stock's sub-two-minute (1:58.8) 200-yard backstroke set on February 13 (Fox THE RECORD, Feb. 27). The AAU has announced that it is considering the creation of a special cup award for anyone breaking two minutes in this event.—ED.

RUN OR MONEY

Sirs:

As a quarter-miler, eager to run my guts out for a college letterman's sweater 25 years ago, I've been waiting a long time for Phil Coleman's *Man of an Amateur* (March 6).

The popularity of professional sports is not a menace for the unswappable promoter of amateur sports to make "athletic" synonymous with "graduate."

BRAD ATWOOD

Barbark, Calif.

Sirs:

As a longtime devotee of amateurism and amateur sports, I cannot adequately express my personal appreciation to Phil Coleman for his truly gentlemanly attitude toward his particular amateur sport, track.

Every day in city parks, in schoolyards, in Y's of all denominations, millions of our boys and girls are haring to enjoy competitive sports. Very few, however, will be able to become, even have the opportunity of competing in areas where the box office, if in existence at all, is sufficiently attractive even to tempt an unswappable promoter to pay an athlete to "hold up" for under-the-table or illegitimate expense money.

We as amateur sports respect openly professional athletes. They don't need our help. We have nothing but disgust for petty grafters and their fellow conspirators who pretend to be amateurs but, like cats, keep gnawing at all which is decent in amateur sports, and then tell themselves this trying to believe that everybody else is crooked too!

HARRY D. HEDGECOCK

New York City

Sirs:

The article is beautifully written. However, I believe neither Coleman nor Miles Agostini to be right or wrong. One was

rewarded materially, the other by lesser prize. As a fan, I love watching the excitement and thrills produced by the athletes. I am not in the least concerned when what motivates them.

Incidentally, I am writing this letter on my own typewriter.

MARK L. SPECTER

Philadelphia

PLAYOFF AND PODKOFF

Sir:

You say that Podkoff thinks the playoffs are necessary because the fans like them (SEVENTH, March 8). Podkoff is wrong. I and many of my friends are deliriously against the playoffs and agree with Casey that they are a farce. The players work all season merely to eat one team out of the championship seatbelt. Why can't basketball follow baseball's pattern and have a true world series between the two regular-season division champions? This, I feel, would be much more popular with the fans than the current system.

MICHAEL ROSENTHAL

Streater, Ill.

Sir:

Being prejudiced and a Casey fan since his Crusader days, I am inclined to agree with his statement on pushing poor players through prolonged playoffs.

Since the NBA's process of elimination will be so lengthy we (the spectators) will be following players instead of basketball's spring training!

D. A. HAYES

West Hartford, Conn.

LIFESAVER

Sir:

I would like to thank you people for saving my life—or perhaps three lives.

Last Saturday afternoon as I was driving home from work, by some twist of fate a truck suddenly appeared at my left at an intersection of the state highway. If it hadn't been for your illustration—*Safely Driving, Jan. 18*—having this very illustration ruffled with the text, explaining, "Your best bet is to swerve sharply to right, reducing the impact angle," I would have followed my arc as a female driver inclined to blow my horn, brake hard and hit the pickup truck

broadside. Instead, thanks to you, I got off with one dented fender.

MARGARET CUNNEEN

Corpus Christi, Texas

SMATTERED SILENCE

Sir:

I started to read the article by George Wein: *The Mins of Silver Spade*, March 8 but came to an abrupt halt when he started talking about how early the Pirates were in the 1949 World Series.

I only hope the Yankees are "lucky" enough to get into the 1961 World Series, because the Pirates will be there waiting to give them another World Series defeat.

FRANK SANKERS

Elwood City, Pa.

Sir:

George Wein states that Frank Lane traded Roger Maris from Cleveland because Maris had a tendency to slump and get hurt. Why doesn't Wein mention that Cleveland, in exchange for Maris, got Vic Power, an All-Star first baseman, and Woodie Held, who has twice as many homers as any other AL shortstop and has the strongest arm of AL infielders?

Contrast that to Wein's so-called fair trade for Maris: Hank Bauer, an over-the-hill outfielder, Don Larsen, a washed-up pitcher, Merv Thomasberry, a minor league first baseman, and Norm Siebern, a fair hitter but poor fielder.

ROBERT SARACENAN

Fort Lee, N.J.

Sir:

Even though I'm only 14, I have enough sense to know that the Yankees have had it.

KALVIN HOLAN

San Francisco

Sir:

I was appalled at the statement George Wein made that records are the backbone of baseball!

How can a man who held such a responsible position doubt that players and the ownership of a team represent him are the only reasons baseball survives. This guy should have been a bean counter.

PALL R. GREEN

San Diego

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PAT ON THE BACK



BILL REEKSTIN AND DON LEWIS

Two men in a tub

Most budget-bound Americans merely dream of building a boat and sailing away from it all. Don Lewis, a Detroit draftsman, and Bill Reekstin, a Tampa toolmaker, did it. Old Army friends, they pooled their money and built a 24-foot sloop. "It was an ugly little tub," says Reekstin, "but practical for the trip we wanted to make." Then they set off for 10,000 miles of sailing and eight months of high adventure.

"Bill did the navigating until I learned something about it," says Lewis, who had never been to sea before. "And that took some time. I was seasick for the first 2,000 miles." They

sailed first to Bermuda, then northward on the prevailing winds to Boston, then across the Atlantic to the Azores, south to the Canary Islands and Africa, then home to Tampa by way of the Caribbean.

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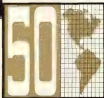


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Do-it-Yourself Record Breaker

That is Kent State's Joe
Begala, coach of 226 winning
college wrestling matches

by WIL HANE

At next week's NCAA championships, the nation's best college wrestlers will meet to decide the top man in each of 16 weights. The top college coach at any weight, however, was decided early last month. That is when Joseph Begala of Kent State University, a little-known northern Ohio college where a wrestling match at midnight could outnumber a free lunch at the Captain Brady (the campus Waldorf), became the winningest coach in the history of collegiate wrestling. The idea that Begala is the most successful coach is supported by the record books; the idea that he also is the best is supported by Joe himself. He is confident that his do-it-yourself coaching philosophy is second to none for producing topnotch wrestlers.

Over a 29-year span, Begala has coached 184 individual conference, district and AAU champions, many of whom had never wrestled or even seen a college match before enrolling at Kent State. His lifetime record is 226 wins, 37 losses and 2 ties.

Begala has continually sent his squads against major colleges in the Midwest. He holds a winning margin over every school he has ever scheduled except Oklahoma University and Syracuse. All this has been done the hard way—without offering "pin money" (Joe's term for college wrestling scholarships).

Throughout his career, Begala has maintained that "college athletics are strictly for enjoyment; so why pay a boy to enjoy himself?" Nevertheless, dozens of high school wrestlers invade his office in the Kent State gymnasium each year with the question, "What will you give me if I come to Kent?" Before the enterprising young wrestlers can say another word, Begala interrupts them with his stock offer. "If you make the team, you'll get a school letter; if you

continues



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Do-it-Yourself continued

don't, you'll get a good education anyway."

But despite Begala's antipathy toward scholarships, each year some of the best high school wrestlers in the Midwest show up in Kent State's tiny wrestling room on the first day of practice. (A few grant-in-aid scholarships were set up by the university three years ago but they are not awarded until an athlete has been in school a year and then only to needy cases.) A Cleveland sportswriter attempted to explain this enigma, saying, "If a kid wants the best coaching available, he'll go to Joe. Then, if he can't wrestle for Kent, he can always transfer to a Big Ten school."

Although he is not recruiting with scholarships, Begala is campaigning throughout the state for more high schools to include wrestling in their athletic programs. "Anyone can wrestle and it builds the kind of man who'll wrestle anything," he contends. "And we need more of that kind."

When Begala came to Kent State in 1929, there were 682 students, of which only 32 were males. He had clinched the coaching job while still in his senior year at Ohio University, where he was captain of the wrestling team. During the season Begala wrestled in three different weight divisions against Kent State wrestlers and won each time. Sportswriters dubbed him the Ohio Freeman. The Kent State coach, Sollew Roberts, was so impressed by the feat, he offered Begala his own job. Begala accepted and immediately set about wangling matches with the toughest teams he could find. When he submitted his first schedule, school officials suggested he stay in his own league. Begala didn't listen to them, however, and the squabble ended with the faculty manager of athletics telling Joe he would "never be much of a coach."

That first season was Begala's worst. His team won three while losing four matches. Everyone was delighted. Up to that time a better record by a Kent State athletic team would have aroused suspicion of a fix.

One of Begala's first official acts, after he had obtained some wrestlers, was to announce publicly that if any team member ever planned his job they could have his job. Since Begala never missed a practice session or

failed to dress for one, the challenges came quickly. To keep on the payroll, Begala trained as hard as, if not harder than, his team members. "And they trained hard," he says. "There was many a young buck out to make headlines at my expense. A few almost did. [A guy that strong shouldn't be allowed to run loose, one of his wrestlers once said after failing in an attempt to retire Joe.] And many a kid came into his own while trying to put me in the grandstands—which was the purpose of the whole thing." Begala adds proudly.

At the start of the 1966 season, Begala withdrew his challenge. He was 49 at the time and had taken on n'ell comers for 24 years. "Even so," he says, "it was the most humiliating thing I ever had to do." However, Begala says he's confident he could have lasted another few years. "A wrestler can go full blast up to the time he's 50. He can win another five years on tricks of the trade and I've enough to stuff a wrestling mat."

Begala still looks like a wrestler. His 5-foot 8-inch frame is wide and hard, and he weighs only 10 pounds over his college wrestling weight of 175. He is fanatic about physical fitness and practices it year round. He loves wrestling and believes it is the best sport in any college athletic program. At 54 he still looks 40. He has a heavy crop of steel-gray hair, a bull neck and a face with hard features. He almost always wears sports clothes because dress shirts that fit properly around his torso don't make it at the neck and biceps. He speaks in a soft, deliberate voice that makes strangers look twice to see if it really came from such a rugged lad.

Begala has often been accused of trying to set college athletics back 30 years with his outspoken criticism of athletic scholarships; of piling up scores and scheduling big name colleges to gain personal recognition; of making his wrestlers think they are supermen; even of hypnotizing his boys before a match. But no one has ever accused Begala of producing a poor or even so-so wrestling team.

Not everyone, however, will agree that KSU is a major wrestling power. It has been a while since Begala has been able to reschedule such major colleges as Kansas State, Pittsburgh, Michigan State, or even Ohio State. But it's not because he hasn't tried.

"Sometimes when the big-name

continued



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institutes know they're going to be loaded, they want to schedule us for a single match," Begala complains. "They don't want to take a chance on us getting even on the second round."

This season, as in the previous 29, Begala's training rules for his wrestlers are a bit unorthodox. No one is compelled to attend practice, and what a team member does off the

vision. All he has to do is prove it. "It's a day the starters dread and the second-stringers look forward to," Begala claims. The competition has resulted in as many as three boys alternating in the same weight division during the season.

Carrying much of the load for this year's Kent State team is Jürgen Begala, team captain, conference lightweight champion and Joe's eldest son. He is a good student, mainly because he is afraid not to be.



CROWDED STANDS AT KENT STATE CHEER FOR HOME-TEAM WRESTLER AS HE PINS JOE

mat is his own business. No one is ever out from the squad for lack of ability and as a result practices are limited to two hours and arranged in shifts. Begala takes credit for beating the do-it-yourself craze by quite a number of years.

At the first practice, he makes his only demand on his candidates and lettermen—that they listen and believe what he is about to say. Then he says it. "If you want to wrestle, I'll show you how. If you want to be a champion, I'll also show you how. But that's all I'll do for you. You'll have to take it from there."

And his wrestlers do. In the Mid-American Conference, Joe's boys are known as the hardest workers in the league.

Begala has never hand-picked a lineup for a match. Who will wrestle at what weight is decided the Tuesday before each contest. It is a day when any squad member can lay claim to being No. 1 in his weight di-

A few years ago another team captain, who was also an AAU titleholder, slipped scholastically to the point where his admittance to medical school was doubtful. Upon learning of the situation, Begala immediately dethroned the captain from the team, despite his protests. Even with a year of eligibility remaining, the ex-captain never rejoined the team. But he did go to medical school.

More than 3,000 fans showed up in Kent State's Memorial gymnasium early last month to see Joe get his 324th win at the expense of Miami (Ohio) University—a victory that broke the mark set by the late William (Billy) Sheridan, whose Lehigh teams won 223 matches. Few fans thought Begala, with an inexperienced squad, would break the record this year. One of the first fans to pump Begala's hand after the victory said, "Joe, I never thought you'd do it." Joe was annoyed, having never doubted that he would. **END**

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YESTERDAY



LITTLE ERNIE CALVERLEY DRIBBLES BY KENTUCKY'S WAH WAH JONES IN THE NIT FINALS

Skinny and His Hoper

Ernie Calverley made a shot in the NIT 15 years ago that is still remembered today

by MAURY ALLEN

During the 1945-46 basketball season, an improbable 5-foot-10 1/2-inch, 140-pound center named Ernie Calverley led a fast, high-scoring Rhode Island State team to a record of 18-2. Calverley regularly gave away a foot or more to opposing centers. But he could jump, he could dribble, he had an abundance of basketball poise and—best of all—he could shoot. He shot with either hand, with both hands and, it sometimes seemed to the opposition, with no hands. He scored over 1,800 points in his four-year varsity career, including a nation-leading \$84 as a sophomore two seasons before.

Calverley was the man who generated the Rhode Island State Rams' exciting race-horse style of offense. It worked so well, even after the regular season was over, that the Rams found themselves in the championship finals of the National Invitational Tourna-

ment against the mighty Kentucky Wildcats. Featuring All-America Jack Parkinson, strong-shooting Wah Wah Jones and a flashy freshman named Ralph Beard, Kentucky had been seeded first in the NIT and was an 11 1/2-point favorite in its game with Rhode Island.

Both teams were used to scoring heavily, but in their championship game the points came slowly and rarely. Rhode Island's run-and-shoot offense was slowed down by the Kentucky defenders, and the Wildcats decided to play a deliberate weave, taking only good shots.

The game went down to the final 40 seconds, tied at 45-45. Then Calverley fouled Beard. Beard stepped to the line and calmly flipped in the free throw. Rhode Island got the ball but couldn't get off another shot, and Kentucky won 46-45.

It was Calverley's only mistake of the tournament, and it cost Rhode Island the championship. But what was remembered about that surprising series was how Rhode Island State's loss than the fact that they were in the finals at all. For despite the brilliance of Calverley and his

team's outstanding record, Rhode Island was lightly thought of by the experts when the NIT started. The team was unseeded and almost uninvited (they had been the last to be chosen).

Rhode Island lacked height. Its biggest man was 6-foot 1 1/2-inch Bob Shea, and in that first postwar year, giants such as St. John's Harry Bayliff (6 feet 9), DePaul's George Mikan (6 feet 10) and Oklahoma A&M's Bob Kurland (7 feet) had already started to dominate the game.

Rhode Island's first opponent of the tournament, on March 14, 1946, was Bowling Green of Ohio. Centered by one of the biggest giants of them all—6-foot 11 1/2-inch Don Otten—Bowling Green was a crushing favorite to eliminate the Rams at once. When the hulking Otten, 13 inches taller and 110 pounds heavier than Calverley, stood next to the Rhode Islander in the middle of Madison Square Garden, the large crowd (a record 18,458) gasped. "The big fellow figures to enjoy a field day under the basket," commented one reporter.

The pattern of the game was set right from the start. It was Bowling Green feeding Otten underneath for short layups against the long shooting of Rhode Island's Shea, Al Nichols and Calverley. Bowling Green seemed only to lean for their rebound; Rhode Island had to vault. But the Rams vaulted high enough, made enough one-handed shots and had enough speed to lead, 35-34, at half time.

In the second half, with Calverley directing play, Rhode Island still hung on, desperate for every break. Bowling Green simply concentrated on feeding Otten, and it seemed that their superior strength and size would soon wear down the Rams.

The lead bounced back and forth, the score was tied seven times. With three minutes left, Otten, who scored 31 points, fouled out. With only five seconds left and the score tied for the eighth time, Bowling Green made a basket to go ahead 74-72. Rhode Island immediately called a timeout.

"We sagged in the middle of the floor," recalled Calverley recently. "We couldn't talk to the coach on the sidelines as the players do today. Everybody was mumbling together. We finally decided I would throw up a hopper." Calverley explained that a

continued

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Skinny and His Hoper continued

hoper was a long shot "with a lot of prayer on it."

Rhode Island put the ball in play from its own backcourt. It was thrown to Calverley near the Bowling Green free-throw line. He quickly heaved the ball toward the basket at the far end of the court.

"It was a regular two-handed set shot. It might have looked like an



CALVERLEY LEAPS HIGH TO SHOOT BALL

underhanded shot to a lot of people because I threw it with a leap, but it wasn't," said Calverley.

The ball had a perfect arch. It was straight enough, and it was high enough. "While it was going through the air," Calverley said, "I was wondering if it had enough distance. What a pleasant sound when it cracked the cords! I was as surprised by it as the next guy."

The ball had traveled almost three quarters the length of the court. It was reported as the "longest, most amazing shot ever made at the Garden." It was later measured, according to Calverley, as 58 feet. It tied the score for the ninth time just as the buzzer sounded.

The overtime period was almost an anticlimax to Calverley's heroic shot. Rhode Island State won 82-79, and six days later nearly pulled off the biggest upset in NIT championship history.

END



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